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How to be in 11 places at the same instant.

On February 6th, the tenth Winter Olympics opened in some of the most forbidding terrain in Europe—100 square miles of the French Alps. Much of it straight up or straight down.

Events, ranging from the Biathlon to the Luge (see photos far left), took place in 11 different locations—many of them simultaneously. To cover all of these events for the sport fans at home, a newsmen would have had to be faster than a downhill skier.

But in fact, he was able to be in 11 places at once—with the help of IBM computers.

Tele-processing surmounts terrain

To link these scattered sites from Autrans to Alpe d'Huez, an IBM Tele-processing network was set up. It was operated by computers in Grenoble which received information from remote terminals at each event site. The computers then processed and relayed this information in the blink of an eye to more than 30 different locations.

For example, as skiers rocketed across the finish line, their times were flashed to the computer and the standings were displayed on TV-like computer terminals. Then television cameras trained on this graphic display beamed results to many participating nations.

Computers speed scoring

In the course of each contest, the computers printed out progress reports for officials—in three different languages. The computers also calculated the complicated point systems that govern such events as figure skating and ski jumping.

Thousands of facts about the athletes and the events were stored in these computers for distribution to newsmen—background material on everything from existing records to the name of a hockey player's hometown.

And as each event concluded, the computers immediately transferred the results to paper tape for wire-service transmission. In minutes, this information clattered into news offices around the world.

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Credits on page 81

Next week

PREVIEWING THE NCAA basketball tournament—once assumed to be a formality—has acquired added interest since Houston beat UCLA. Joe James announces early-round regionalists.

DAWN TO DARK is the workday of the horse trainer, and mostly his job brings frustration, not glory. Jerry Cooke photographs 13 of the best for a handsome color portfolio.

BUN-CONTROL LAWS are being urged by many Americans. Are they necessary, or would they help? Martin Kane offers the results of a careful study—and some recommendations.



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BOOKTALK

Football facts as hard as hickory make a book to be cherished by genuine nuts

The worst kind of nut is a pro football nut, and I have been writing the nut's book of pro football for 15 years now. I've sold around 100,000, and I still don't know why anyone would buy it." So speaks Roger Lamporte Treat, 62, ex-sports columnist and self-styled "encyclopedistrician" of professional football. His book, which has just appeared in its fifth edition, is *The Official Encyclopedia of Football* (A.S. Barnes and Co., New York, \$9.75 hard-cover, \$1.95 paperback).

This is not a volume designed for curling up in front of a fire with; its pages fairly swim in a maze of statistics, names, numbers and juicy little would-you-believe-its. Did you know that Elbert Bloodgood of the Kansas City Cowboys drop-kicked four field goals against the Duluth Eskimos in an NFL game in 1926? Or that Walter (Sneez) Achui was the only Chinese ever to play pro football? Well, Treat does.

Treat has assembled (and handily catalogued by year) the full roster of every league-sanctioned team that ever set foot on a football field for money since 1919, and you can look up the boys who used to do or die for some of your old NFL favorites—such as the Providence Steamrollers ('28 champs), the Frankford Yellowjackets ('26 champs) and, of course, the Kenosha Maroons. This year-by-year, team-by-team listing is new in this edition, as is a numerical ranking of alltime leaders in rushing, passing, scoring and receiving. You will find, for example, that both Raymond Berry and Billy Howson ought more career passes than Don Hutson—knowledge that might be worth a beer in almost any barroom.

Since his first edition Treat has developed a kind of "nut line" with other fanatics around the U.S. to aid in checking his files, at a woody retreat near Newtown, Conn., bulge with tattered scrapbooks and thousands of letters from Hall of Famers, college officials, P.R. men, players, widows and orphans, as well as reams of material from a hard-core cadre of amateur researchers that includes a priest at Villanova University and a high school drama teacher in West Virginia. All these assistants have helped untangle a mountain of misinformation, misinformation and no-information. "There were probably 100 Smiths who played pro football," says Treat. "Which was which? Every Johnson who ever showed up in the old days was nicknamed Swede; so far I have found two Negroes and one Indian called Swede. It's gotten to be a feast with me, getting names right."

—WILLIAM JOHNSON

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SCORECARD

POLITICS vs. PRINCIPLES

The haranguing over the summer Olympics, much of it pompous or hypocritical, does not abate, and it is evident that political leaders have settled on sport as a propitious terrain for the advancement of their theories and ambitions. More and more across the world is heard the cry that the Games should be boycotted because of the readmission of South Africa, and with increasing sharpness comes the retort that progress has been made because the South Africans will have met Olympic requirements by sending an integrated team.

Avery Brundage, as William Furlong reports in his story beginning on page 18, is standing on well-established Olympic tradition, although the pressures are getting to him. Brundage is charged with failing to be a man of the times, as if that were a crime, but the accusation—even if true—may be less derogatory than its formulators intend.

Certainly it would be wrong for the U.S. to support the boycott. We did not boycott the Games in Hitler's Berlin in 1936, and since then we have usually thought it beneficial to compete with Soviet Russia and other Communist countries which had or have tyrannical regimes repugnant to most Americans. If the Russians and other Iron Curtain nations, for reasons of political expediency, decide to boycott in sympathy with the African nations that are pulling out, there is no doubt the Games will be seriously vitiated.

Finally, who knows, if American Negroes join the boycott, it might be that the only blacks in Mexico City would be the South Africans, on whose behalf all the fuss is being made. The incongruity of such a climax would somehow be all too relevant to this ludicrous mess.

THE RECORD MAKERS

From time to time there are angry protests from NBA teams and players about the official scoring system in the league. It is decidedly bush, with home-town

favoritism blatantly evident in the recording of individual statistics. The NBA Guide, for instance, lists 23 rebounding performances of 40 rebounds or more in a game. Just one of these records was made without the benefit of a home-town statistician. Similarly, only one of the top 36 assist marks was made on the road.

A classic scoring goof was made in a 76er-Bullet game two years ago when the official box score credited Gerry Ward with one field goal in no attempts (1 for 0). There was also the time that Hal Greer took six shots in a game and made seven of them, according to the stat men. And at half time in the All-Star game in January, Greer was credited with making two baskets but only taking one shot.

In a recent game in Evansville, Ind. between Chicago and St. Louis the official scorer recorded only three assists for the Hawks' Len Wilkens, who tops the league in that category. This led to immediate retribution when the Bulls visited St. Louis. At half time a Chicago official complained to Hawks General Manager Marty Blake that the Bulls' Jim Washington had been credited with only two rebounds. Blake replied, "Washington will get another rebound when Wilkens gets an assist in Evansville."

Currently Wilt Chamberlain is leading the league in complaining about statistics, and probably with good reason. Philadelphia Statistician Harvey Pollack is one of the few well-regarded scorers in the NBA. He won't favor anyone, including Wilt, but he thinks Chamberlain probably has a valid complaint. To check for himself, Pollack decided two Sundays ago to keep his own box score as he watched the telecast of a game between the 76ers and the Hawks in St. Louis. The official statistics showed Wilkens with 13 assists and Chamberlain with four. Pollack, however, credited eight to Wilkens and nine to Chamberlain. "I knew it was coming," Pollack said, "because Chamberlain

was catching Wilkens in total assists."

Why doesn't the NBA just throw away its record book and start again—this time as a big-league operation?

LEI COUNTRY

The Houston Astrodome opened three years ago, which at the rate stadiums are slapped up should make anything said about it old Stetson. But only now are they getting around to fixing the place up proper.

Six floors of living quarters and recreation facilities have been built behind the scoreboard "for VVIPs (Very Very Important Persons) and their families." Included in the complex, according to a publicity release, is a presidential suite, which has been given a security clearance by the Secret Service and is equipped with a direct telephone hook-up to the Russian hot line.

There is a putting green that no doubt would have pleased a number of Presidents, a shooting gallery, a bowling alley, a barbershop, a beauty salon, a



19th century-style saloon, a conference room upholstered in zebra from Nairobi, a chapel and, in the apartments, canopied beds, marble bathtubs and "cloud-like carpeting."

It sounds wonderfully sporting, but we sure hope nobody tries to call a bookie on the wrong phone.

BURNT-OUT CASE

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, there is talk of putting a match to 8-year-old, \$14.3 million Candlestick Park. It would cost \$7 million to convert it into a multipurpose stadium, and Mayor Joseph

continued



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SCORECARD

Alioto says, "I am not altogether sure we want to perpetuate a mediocrity." One suggestion under consideration is to use Candlestick's concrete walls for apartment buildings or light industry. Another proposal is to build an airport on the site. If Candlestick is demolished, a new stadium would be built downtown.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

It is just as well that Umpire Emmett Ashford was not in Sacramento when the California Legislature passed a resolution congratulating him for his "successful career in baseball officiating" and "commending him as an outstanding example of the value of hard work and dedication."

In the first place, the author of the resolution, Assemblywoman Yvonne Brathwaite, called Ashford a "referee." Then Assemblyman Robert Monagan declared he was not sure he could support the resolution. He could excuse some of the errors Ashford must have made during his career, Monagan declared, but one in particular he could not pass over. It was a call at third base in a game between the Dodgers and the Cardinals. Monagan said Ashford was in no position to see the play. Another legislator protested that Ashford was a prime example of one of California's great humanitarian programs—aid for the self-supporting blind.

Maybe so, but if Ashford was out of position on that call at the Dodger-Cardinal game, it is because he was in the wrong town. He is an American League umpire. Now, about the self-supporting blind.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

A notice at the entrance of Cruft's dog show in London read: "No dogs admitted." An official explained: "Well, there are dogs and dogs, you know."

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Two weeks ago the whole state of Texas lost its No. 1 college football prospect—Jack Mildren of Cooper High in Abilene—to the University of Oklahoma. The coaches in the Southwest Conference are furious about that raid and others that have been made on Texas players by outside coaches. The coaches blame their losses on an SWC rule which forbids visiting a high school prospect until the end of his final football season, and then only twice before the deadline

for signing letters of intent. Oklahoma and other colleges may visit a boy any time and as often as they want during his senior year.

Cooper High School Coach Merrill Green says Mildren was visited by coaches almost every night after practice and several times before school in the morning. There is even a rumor going around that Oklahoma rented an apartment in Mildren's home town in order to see him more often.

The number of top Texas football prospects signing with schools outside the SWC is unquestionably increasing. Houston, which got three Texas "blue chippers," Oklahoma, and LSU have been the most successful at outrecruiting the SWC. Darrell Royal, head coach at the University of Texas, has suggested a meeting of these three schools and the SWC to discuss compromise measures on the two-visit rule. Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks, his prize catch tucked away, replies, "I might be interested in just going to his meeting and I'm always willing to discuss it, but as of right now I am not interested in limiting our visits to a prospect unless they can convince me of something I don't know about right now."

Why, Chuck, that's being downright un-Texan.

A MATTER OF DEFINITION

The possibility that Polish Sprinter Ewa Klobukowska may be stripped of her 1964 Olympic medals—one gold and one bronze—because she failed a chromosome test last September in Russia demands an appraisal of the effectiveness of such tests to determine an individual's sex. Professor Arnold Beckert, a member of the International Olympic Committee's seven-man medical commission, says the test is 100% reliable and there is no way to affect the result by the introduction of drugs, chemicals or 100-proof bourbon whiskey.

The sex test, as it is now given, requires only the light scraping of the inside of an athlete's mouth with the kind of wooden spatula familiar to anyone who has ever said "ahhh" to the family doctor. The material is stained, mounted on a glass slide and examined under a microscope. The smear contains cells, and in the nucleus of each there should be two small, dark dots called barr bodies. If they are found, it means that two X chromosomes are present and the

continued

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person is therefore, by definition, a woman. If two Barr bodies are not evident, a second test is required. It is more thorough, demanding the examination of a blood sample or tissue culture in which chromosomes are more clearly visible and relatively easy to count. There should be 48 of them—in a woman, 23 pairs of matching chromosomes plus two X chromosomes. If the subject is a male the examiner will find 23 pairs of chromosomes, one Y chromosome and one X chromosome. Scientists consider this the ultimate definition of why one person is male and another female. It is possible for an individual to have all the right curves and to appear, even under the scrutiny of a close medical examination, to be a woman, but technically to be a man by virtue of the chromosome count.

While scientifically there may be no disputing the chromosome test, there are a multitude of degrees of just how masculine or feminine a person really is. The IOC apparently is not fully satisfied with the completely scientific definition. It is right to pursue the question further.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

A Trenton (N.J.) woman visited a Maryland racetrack recently and played Nos. 2 and 8 in the daily double because her birthday is February 8. No. 2, Frisco Express, won the first race and, sure enough, as the horses turned for home in the second race, No. 8 was leading by five lengths. The lady began to root so exuberantly, her false teeth fell out. Another horseplayer, quick on the uptake, darted over, pocketed the dentures and disappeared in the crowd. Neither the man nor the teeth have been found. However, the lady won her double and collected \$101.20. The name of her horse in the second race; John's Smile.

THEY SAID IT

• Roger Craig, ex-pitcher and new manager of the Albuquerque Dodgers: "I lost 24 games my first year with the Mets. You've got to be a pretty good pitcher to lose that many. What manager is going to let you go out there that often?"

• James Garner, actor, describing what it was like to attend a sports celebrity awards dinner: "I felt like my bubble-gum card collection had come to life."

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This is your first game, son.
I hope you win.

I hope you win for your sake
not mine.

Because winning's nice.
It's a good feeling.

Like the whole world
is yours.

But it passes, this feeling.
And what lasts is what
you've learned.

And what you learn about
is life.

That's what sports is all about.
Life.

The whole thing is played out
in an afternoon.

The happiness of life.
The miseries.

The joys.
The heartbreaks.

There's no telling
what'll turn up.
There's no telling
whether they'll toss you
out in the first five minutes
or whether you'll stay for
the long haul.

There's no telling how
you'll do.

You might be a hero
or you might be
absolutely nothing.
There's just no telling.
Too much depends on chance.
On how the ball bounces.

I'm not talking about the
game, son.
I'm talking about life.
But it's life that the game
is all about.
Just as I said.

Because every game is
life.
And life is a game.
A serious one.
Dead serious.

But that's what you do
with serious things.
You do your best.
You take what comes.
You take what comes
and you run with it.

Winning is fun.
Sure.
But winning is not
the point.

Wanting to win is the
point.
Not giving up is the
point.
Never being satisfied
with what you've done
is the point.
Never letting up
is the point.
Never letting anyone down
is the point.

Play to win.
Sure.
But lose like
a champion.
Because it's not winning
that counts.
What counts is
trying.

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BUT THE
ENCOURAGEMENT



Sports Illustrated

MARCH 11, 1968

A BAD WEEK FOR MR. B

He thrives on battle, but when Avery Brundage found the Olympic ideals he champions besieged by half the world he ended 10 hours of meetings in a Chicago hotel with an uncharacteristic move: he compromised

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG



After 40 gloriously intransigent, unswervingly obstinate years, Avery Brundage compromised. Last Friday he sat behind a battery of nine microphones and five TV-movie cameras—his left hand working nervously in and out of his pocket—and suggested that he'd had a second thought. A second thought. It was a startling and historic experience, and the climax of what was probably the most contentious week in the ever-troubled life of Avery Brundage, for very possibly the 1968 Olympics were at stake.

To be sure, the language of his turn-about was discreet, even obscure. "The president," said Brundage, abandoning for once the first person singular pronoun that normally decorates his conversation on official Olympic matters, "has decided to call a special meeting of the Executive Board of the International Olympic Committee and is consulting members to establish a convenient date." It was a statement that old Brundage watchers could translate clearly enough: The Olympians—i.e., Brundage—were going to take a second look at the "South African affair." And procrastinate. Steadfastly, tenaciously, unflinchingly procrastinate.

The South African affair is the latest and most serious scrimmage in that long and enduring contest for supremacy between sports and politics. Avery Brundage, who for the past 16 years has been president of the International Olympic Committee, has never had many doubts on this issue. "Sport transcends politics," he said an Olympiad or so ago. "It is an international phenomenon, like science or music." He likes to believe that the Olympics have an almost supernal power for spreading goodwill and fellowship, that they are the only thing that has prevented one half of the world from giving the other half 24 hours to get out. He cites the German example—and it is almost a good one. For years politicians tried to find a way to get East and West Germany together, but the two factions refused to get close enough even to spit in each other's scars. Yet for three Olympic Games preceding Grenoble the two Germans sent a joint team.

The South African affair could be an even greater triumph. Or it could destroy the Olympic Games, since it involves the most malignant of man's emotions: his

hatred for those that are different.

The dilemma began more than four years ago when the South Africans requested permission to send athletes to the Olympic Games. It was not the government that made the request; Brundage does not talk to politicians, he does not like to step down in class. It was a properly constituted national Olympic committee. Brundage scrutinized the request carefully to see if it had a political label on it, one that might be treasonable. What he found was that it was not simply the politics but the very spirit of South Africa that violated the Olympic code.

South Africa was set up socially, economically and politically—in every way that man could devise—on the basis of a separation of the races, with the "colored" and Negroes the disadvantaged group. There was no question but that Negroes would not be freely picked by the South African Olympic Committee to compete in the Olympics. The Olympic code bars such discrimination; the second paragraph of its "fundamental principles"—repeated in the eligibility code—specifically states that "no discrimination is allowed against any country or person on the grounds of race, religion, or political affiliation."

So the International Olympic Committee told the South Africans no. South Africa would have to change its method of team selection before the Olympics—or Avery Brundage—changed. No South Africans competed in the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

But since then South Africa, a very sports-minded country, has changed. Not socially, economically or politically. Just with respect to its Olympic team. It agreed to allow nonwhites to compete for places on the team and guaranteed that they could live without discrimination or segregation with the team at the Olympics. It guaranteed that the team selection committee would be representative of all the races, and has since set up an eight-man committee—four whites and four nonwhites. These were not easy concessions for South Africa to make, in view of its internal policies. "The politicians could not have done this," says Brundage. "It was a real achievement."

On February 15 Brundage announced that a majority of the 72-man voting body on the IOC had agreed that the

South African Olympic Committee was meeting the standards demanded by the Olympic rules and would be permitted to send a team to the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City.

The Black African nations reacted to this like quail to the sound of bird shot. They began taking off in all directions and threatening to drop out of the Olympics unless the vote were reversed. The notion spread with the contagion of corruption. By last week some 32 nations of Black Africa were in the threatened walkout and others—India, Malaysia, Cuba, Pakistan and several Middle East nations—were joining them.

Now Russia, which has been contesting with Red China for power and influence in Black Africa, was on the spot. It was cast in the role of an In nation—playing games in the Olympics with the rich, Western white countries—while the newly emerging colored nations were among the Outs. This prospect was so painful to the Russians that they, and other Communist bloc countries, began making dropout noises.

Soon it seemed, as Brundage himself quoted a commentator, that there might be nobody around to compete in the Olympic Games but "Avery Brundage and South Africa." Was it true he was so determined to go ahead with the Olympics that he had declared that "the Games will be held if only six athletes show up?" He hadn't said that, Brundage answered—"but I might."

As the struggle sharpened last week, Brundage began to adjust the focus on his targets. "Politicians!" he snorted. "Everything you read in the newspapers is from the politicians, not from the national Olympic committees." He sat thinking for a moment in the 13th-floor suite of his own LaSalle Hotel in Chicago and a mote of sunlight from the window beside him rolled down the dome of his bald head like a thin drop of yellow oil. He is a tall man, 6 feet, big in the shoulders and the chest but not top heavy. Even at the age of 80 the well-shaped torso and the head carried high give the feeling of balance.

"We can't change the politics of any country—that's not our business," he said.

Brundage showed no sign, in voice or bearing, of irritability, though these last few weeks had been ones of constant strife for him. At the Winter Olympics

in Grenoble he grumbled at the commercialism of the Games ("We had 'Olympic' butter, 'Olympic' liquor, 'Olympic' petrol"); he worried over the efforts of certain Alpine skiers to get their equipment trademarks on television or in news photos ("If I had my way, we wouldn't have given them medals"); he had to juggle as silly an issue as testing the sex of the competitors to determine if they were bona fide women, or men, or perhaps something in between, a less-than-enchanted problem for an elderly multimillionaire.

And, outside athletics, there was his running fight with authorities at the museum in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, which built a special wing to house his collection of nearly 6,000 Oriental art treasures, the finest such private collection in the world. "They forgot to dehumidify it," he says, annoyed. "Some of the pieces are getting bronze disease." He made "bronze disease" sound about as baleful as professionalism in sport.

But the South African affair had a virulence to make him forget all else. Avery Brundage is hardly a stranger to invective. Red Smith once called him "the greatest practicing patsy, or sitting duck, of this century." And there was invective aplenty. Brundage's mail began to take on a blatant scatological tone. And his phone calls had to be screened by an asbestos shield.

Three nervous Mexicans brought the weekend to its climax. Mexico had agreed to put \$84 million into the 1968 Olympics, though some \$40 million of that would resurface in the form of permanent buildings. If all of the protesting nations decided to spend the Olympic year at home, Mexico was going to be faced with the biggest flop since the Romney campaign. Mexican newspapers began referring to Brundage with such lovable phrases as "double-cross" and "dictator," and Mexican Olympic officials embarked on a campaign to frighten the South Africans into withdrawing by saying this was going to be the most integrated Olympics ever: "Mexico, as the land of liberty" . . . "proud of the chance to teach the whites of South Africa . . ." etc.

It didn't work. South Africa, having been admitted, said it would never withdraw. So three top Mexican Olympic officials flew to Chicago to persuade Brundage to call another IOC meeting on



South Africans whose Olympic hopes are at issue include Karen Muir, holder of two world backstroke records, and Humphrey Khoo, a half-mile of international repulse

the South African issue. [French Olympic officials said they had heard the Mexicans had only one real message for Brundage: either call an IOC meeting on South Africa or we are going to cancel the summer Games now.] The Mexicans and Brundage, who flew in from London the same day, sat down to discuss their problem in Room 1608—the Versailles Suite—of the LaSalle Hotel.

For Brundage, it was the culmination of what had been "one of those weeks." A senior assistant at the hotel had died. His secretary went out to escape the pressure and was hit by a cab. His own metabolic system was acting like a Marx Brothers movie scripted by Salvador Dali. "I slept three hours last night and three hours the night before," he said on Friday. He has crossed the ocean as many as 13 times a year, but he has not gotten altogether used to it. "You can't sleep and it affects your eating—you feel like you're getting food poisoning." It was an unlikely comment from Brundage. He doesn't talk about ill health; he talks about what sports contribute to good health. One day in the early '30s, he made a macabre count of 40 businessmen of his acquaintance who had committed suicide during the Depression. "It was interesting to note," he commented later, "that not one of them had any sports experience."

It was 6 p.m. Thursday when he first met with the Mexican delegation. He had been a predictable host; the fruit bowl was on a cocktail table and there

was Scotch (J&B) and wine (Chateau Portet-Cadet, 1964—a very satisfactory red Bordeaux) in the bar. The décor was a little mixed. The brocade draperies and the fanciful walls were Louis XIV all right, but the sofa was modern and the desk over which the men worked looked suspiciously Queen Anne. The first session lasted seven hours.

By 10 o'clock the next morning Brundage was back in the Versailles Suite, deep in discussion. At one o'clock in the afternoon, he got up to leave; the funeral of his assistant was to be an hour later on the far West Side of Chicago. But by then his decision was made. He had agreed to call the nine-man Executive Board of the International Olympic Committee back into session and lay before it the problems of the Mexican Olympic Committee. It would be done in about 60 days.

Brundage announced his decision at a press conference at 4 o'clock. Every time a reporter or TV man asked him what he thought of threats of a walk-out, he went on the offensive.

"Who said they'd walk out?" His scowl made him look like a bear with a backache, and the reporters retreated.

"Well, there were rumors. . . ."

"What rumors? Who put them out?"

What Brundage was trying to get them to say was "the politicians." He was dying to hear someone utter that magic word. He would have been glad to talk for hours—right into prime time—on the difference between Olympians and

politicians, if only somebody would feed him the cue line. (Later in his office, when the word boycott was mentioned, he made his own opportunity. "Boycott is a political word," he roared. "I don't like the word 'boycott'!") But nobody had the wit or good fortune to slip him the line at the press conference. Or perhaps they hadn't noticed that it was primarily politicians, not the heads of the Olympic committees, who were issuing the threats to abandon the Olympics. "We don't deal with countries, we deal with national Olympic committees—and we haven't heard a word from them," said Brundage a little later. To him it was an all-important difference. In general, he would give the politicians their headlines if they would give him his Olympics.

Now what he seemed to be doing was taking the headlines away from the politicians. "How can anybody drop out if their entries aren't in yet?" he asked. Entries don't close until August 12. And that is why Brundage isn't about to say a word about how he feels or what the Executive Board will do—if anything—about the South African affair and the multination threat to drop out.

The Executive Board will convene only to weigh "the problems of the Mexican Olympic Committee." But it will take a long time for the board to get around to this—"sometime in May," says Brundage—and in the meantime the South African issue might simmer down. It makes it just a little more difficult for politicians to earn headlines when everybody knows the Executive Board is going to meet and everybody presumes something will then be done about the South African affair.

The interesting thing is that it is going to take so long to get the board into session. If the board decides to take the issue to the IOC, how much longer will it take to get 72 men—the entire voting membership of the International Olympic Committee—into session? Another 90 days? Maybe longer. Perhaps right up to August 12. At that point, with Olympic trials having been held all over the world, Olympic fever will be at a much higher pitch than it is today. It might be more difficult then for the politicians to demand that their people deny themselves and their children the right

to compete in the Olympics. Brundage contends that time will be helpful and that the pressures of the entry deadline might bring about a beneficial change in attitude among some of the now-dissident nations.

What would happen if a second vote was taken in the IOC and it was to turn back South Africa's bid, to bar the Union from the Olympics? It would be a political triumph for the Black African nations, Brundage concedes, but a triumph that would further frustrate the blacks in South Africa. In effect, the dissident dropouts—through politics—would have undone everything that the International Olympic Committee had achieved. "It would keep the Black South Africans out of the Olympic forum when they want to be in it," Brundage says. "It's the blacks who'll be sacrificed when they are finally in a position to do something for themselves." [This point of view was supported when a Negro South African sports official called the Olympic boycott by the Black African nations "a slap in our face"]

Though Brundage is buying time, it is difficult to see exactly what the IOC can do about the South Africans if it adheres to Olympic ideals. Brundage maintains that it was a majority of the entire 72-man committee which agreed that the South African Olympic Committee had met the proper standards. This means that some countries would have to change their vote if there is another ballot, which would be a surrender of principle and a vote for pragmatism. This is not in the Olympic code—or the Olympic ideal. Here, then, is the heart of the Brundage move: he is offering procrastination as an alternative to expedient submission.

One thing must be remembered, that Avery Brundage does not come young to this fight between sports and politics. He was in the middle of a similar controversy more than 30 years ago as head of the United States Olympic Committee. Brundage then was embattled over whether to allow the U.S. competitors to take part in the 1936 Olympics in Hitler's Germany. There was a bitter struggle within the U.S. Olympic Committee over sending competitors to Berlin. To drop out would be a moral gesture of defiance of what the Nazis were doing.

At the time Brundage insisted that "non-participation would do more harm than good. Hitler would still go on. The Nazis would still go on." He became the focus of intense criticism, and he did not have the diplomacy to make it less so. In a booklet put out by the U.S. Olympic Committee, he wrote, "Certain Jews must now understand that they cannot use these Games as a weapon in their boycott against the Nazis." He described those opposed to participation as "betraying" American athletes. Of course, the United States went to Berlin and Jesse Owens—a non-Aryan—won four gold medals in track and field.

Twenty years later there was clamor to bar the Russians from the 1956 Olympics following their brutal repression of the Hungarian revolution, but Brundage managed to quell it. The Russians competed at Melbourne, even though Australia had broken off diplomatic relations with the Soviets. "In an imperfect world," says Brundage, "if participation in sport is to be stopped every time the laws of humanity are violated, there will never be any international contests."

That pretty much reflects Avery Brundage's view: the Olympics are supreme. They come before politics and what politicians do and say. They involve individuals, not countries. They involve individual deals, not group actions. So the moral issues of the countries cannot, says Brundage, touch the Olympics. He has only one goal: to keep the Olympics going. That dedication led him last week to something he abhors—compromise.

AND



In more fraternal days Claude Ganga, Secretary General of the Supreme Council of Sport in Africa, awards Brundage the insignia of the Commander of the Republic of the Congo.

COLLEGE BOXING'S LAST ROUND

All efforts to revive a long-dead sport seem to have failed. The final stand may be on the West Coast, where the California Collegiate Boxing Conference still slugs away. But it is only shadowboxing **by MARTIN KANE**

In a nation which accepts a bloody war in Vietnam and which fatalistically awaits the prospect of summer riots, it is paradoxical to discover that, except in four Far Western colleges, we have developed a squeamishness about intercollegiate boxing competition. Too brutal and dangerous, the explanation is, though that is not the full explanation. College boxing used to be a great and respected sport, with benefits to its participants far outweighing its dangers just like football, lacrosse, hockey and so many others. But now it is done for in the East, the Middle West, the South and the Northwest, in all of which it once flourished. Its prospects for national revival, perhaps for survival, are just about nil.

The four U.S. colleges in which intercollegiate boxing still survives are the University of California at Berkeley, Chico (Calif.) State, Nevada and Stanford. Last weekend, after a season of dual meets, they participated, almost self-consciously, in the California Collegiate Boxing Conference Championships at Cal's Harmon Gymnasium and drew a total of 1,000 enthusiasts for the two nights of competition. This is not to be compared to football attendance, to be sure, but at Chico State and Nevada boxing outdraws basketball, attracting capacity crowds of 3,500 to their matches.

Boxing is a fully accepted and respectable sport at all four schools at which it persists on an intercollegiate basis. The conference was formed in 1959, in part because of discontent among the founders about the way intercollegiate boxing was being conducted nationally and because of a well-founded prescience that the sport was headed for disaster if certain practices were continued. (Nevada was not an original member but was invited in about the same time that California Polytech, the University of Santa Clara and the University of San

Francisco dropped out. The word "California" nevertheless stayed in the title.)

Before the fall of national college boxing, signs of impending disaster were there, all right, though mostly ignored. It is hard to put a brake to the momentum of high-level competition. As boxing advanced in popularity and gates increased, ambitious coaches began to recruit highly experienced amateurs from the Golden Gloves and AAU clubs, some of the boxers with as many as 50 bouts or more behind them. Result: kids who wanted to take up boxing only after they entered college were sadly outclassed by the semiprofessionals—many of whom wanted to become full professionals after graduation.

Art Lenz, now executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, was once sports-news director at the University of Wisconsin, where boxing was very big a decade ago and now is discontinued. Lenz has this to say about the decline of intercollegiate boxing: "The pool room element had come in and changed the atmosphere of college boxing. People talked about going to see the fights, not bouts, when they went to college matches."

To counteract this trend, the CCBC effectively eliminated recruiting by adopting a rule that no student could compete in intercollegiate boxing who, after his 16th birthday, engaged in competitive bouts under auspices other than those of his school. Today a CCBC boxer may be awarded a grant-in-aid, amounting to \$81.25 a quarter at the University of California, to pay his registration fees, but that is just about it. The grant is never promised as an inducement to go out for boxing. Instead, the varsity is chosen from the ranks of intramural boxers, all novices who box for the fun of it. College boxing nowadays is among the very purest of sports.

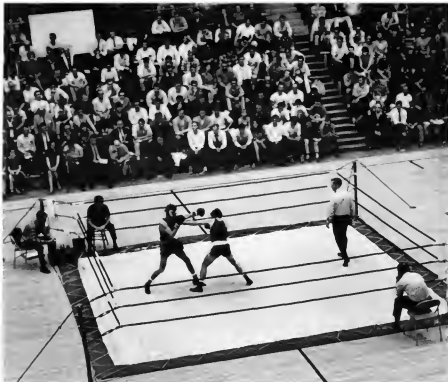
The rest of the college-boxing world was not impressed by dangers inherent

in the situation until 1960, the year after CCBC got started, when Charlie Mohr, a star member of the University of Wisconsin boxing team, collapsed in his dressing room during the finals of the 23rd annual National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament at Madison. Eight days later he died of a brain hemorrhage.

Mohr and his opponent, Stu Bartell of San Jose State, wore padded headgear and the requisite 12-ounce gloves, which are supposed to be protective. In the eyes of those present, Bartell's punch, which landed on Mohr's left temple, was not a particularly good one, though it knocked Mohr down. He was up at the count of two, considered to be a good sign, and the referee found his eyes clear. He told the referee he felt all right. He moved around well for about half a minute. Then, as Bartell began to punch him once more, the referee moved in and stopped the bout, partly on the principle that Mohr had little or no chance to win. No one suspected that he was seriously hurt. But he was, and when he died college coaches saw what was coming. "I think college boxing is now finished," one said, and another chimed in with the prediction that "this will kill college boxing."

It pretty well did, even on an intramural scale. Daryl Talken, Chico State heavyweight of those days, now a high school English teacher at Fremont, Calif., recently undertook a national survey to find out what had happened to college boxing. He discovered that less than one-third of colleges have even an intramural program.

Nor is there any indication that the condition will improve. None of the four college coaches still functioning in intercollegiate boxing—Ed Nemir of California, who has been at it for 35 years, all at Cal, of which he is a graduate; Willie Simmons of Chico State; Jim Olivas of Nevada; and Ray Lunny of Stanford



A diaphanous crowd of 500 watches as the home team takes four of the 101a bouts in Harmon Gymnasium at the University of California at Berkeley.

—has much hope that in their career time the sport will revert to its former glory. "Nobody will listen," said Nemir. "We don't try anymore."

Representatives of two Eastern universities where boxing once was big agree with Nemir. Roy Simmons, for 30 years the boxing coach at Syracuse, whose teams compiled a 107-49-14 won-lost record, has, at the request of Eddie Dooley, New York State's boxing commissioner, tried to revive the sport—with no takers. And William W. Cobey, director of athletics at the University of Maryland, says, "All in all, there is no talk of bringing boxing back, and I have no desire to see it come back."

It is all true and all too bad. The CCBC championships last weekend at California were both exciting to watch

and a credit to those who conducted the program—with every possible protection for the athletes. At the same time it was no sissy exhibition. There were four knockouts in the 21 bouts of the finals and semifinals, but no one was seriously hurt. The victims, indeed, invariably walked out of the ring grinning sheepishly.

In the Olympic fashion, the meet does not recognize—officially, that is—a team winner, and only individual victors are honored with trophies. But it may as well be noted that Cal scored four victories in the finals, as did Nevada, and Chico had one. Stanford, which brought only three boxers to the tournament, went winless.

Despite the pessimism of intercollegiate boxing's adherents, the colleges

might consider the wishes of their students in regard to the sport. At Nevada, when it was proposed to give up boxing, the question was put to a student vote. Boxing won 885 to 87, and some of the 87 said later that the question was phrased ambiguously or they would have voted otherwise. The faculty voted for it, too.

But at the University of Wisconsin where Charlie Mohr died, the faculty stand has not changed. Athletic Director Ivy Williamson says, "There have been no pressures or interest to restore boxing here. I have not even heard any interest recently expressed among other colleges."

It will take more interest and effort than seems extant to get college boxing off the canvas.

END

RHUBARB THRIVES IN THE PALMS

Once again a disqualification mars Hialeah's Flamingo after a rousing race, while Santa Anita produces a surprise Kentucky Derby contender and an unbeaten colt that may be the best 3-year-old of them all by **WHITNEY TOWER**

The tiny palm-dotted community of Hialeah, on the outskirts of Miami, has moved into prominence in the past decade as a favorite growing ground of a plant of the genus *Rheum* known as a rhubarb. Much of Hialeah's fame rests on the classic Flamingo, a milestone race for Derby-bound 3-year-olds, and the event regularly produces rhubarb in abundance.

Exactly ten years ago Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward provided the excitement in a race that resulted in a disputed and embarrassing disqualification. In 1962 Sunrise County won the Flamingo but was disqualified for interfering with Ridan. Somehow that made a winner out of the long shot Prego, who had about as much right to win as Jackie Gleason. Four years later came the now-famous "chicken" Flamingo, so named because Buckpasser's presence in the field terrorized Hialeah's management into permitting win betting only.

Last week, in the 39th Flamingo, rhubarb was in full bloom again, and in certain quarters—among horsemen, the press and many of the 30,902 who turned out in a cloud of pink for Hialeah's traditional closing day—the genus *Rheum* had a most unpleasant odor to it. The eight colts who went to the post in the mile-and-an-eighth event that is supposed to clarify the whole picture for the coming Triple Crown races gave the folks a rousing horse race all right, but when it was over, Kentucky Derby talk was almost forgotten in the heat of one more disqualification. There were harsh words between riders and officials, and a sad, depressing atmosphere of puzzlement hung over the beautiful track. More than 2,000 miles away, at equally beautiful Santa Anita, there really was Derby talk, and now that the horsemen's strike against management was over, nobody

seemed particularly angry at anyone else. More important, however, there may have been some better 3-year-olds in California this week than there were at the Flamingo.

First things first, however. The Flamingo was actually won by favorite Iron Ruler in the respectable time of 1:48½. Moments later the winner's number came down, and up went that of the second-place finisher, Wise Exchange, who had trailed by a length and a quarter after running through the stretch on a convoy course.

There were no fireworks in the Flamingo until the run home. Mike Phipps's Master Bold took the early lead, as expected, with Peter Kessel's Iron Ruler a few lengths behind him. Next came Subpet, while Calumet Farm's Forward Pass, winner of the recent Everglades, put himself out of serious contention by going wide on the first turn. In the far turn Jockey Angel Cordero Jr., the hero of the Hialeah meeting with 66 winners in 39 days, drove Iron Ruler up to challenge. They took the lead away from the fast-tiring Master Bold, while Wise Exchange, the Hirsch Jacobs-trained gray son of Promised Land who races in the scarlet-and-white silks of Jacobs' partner, Isidor Bieber, was making a big move from seventh place.

Around the turn and into the stretch Master Bold quickly dropped back on the inside as Cordero drove Iron Ruler by him—and a little wide. Jockey Eddie Belmonte, meanwhile, was driving with Wise Exchange, too, and the place he wanted to drive to, obviously, was the spot vacated by Master Bold, between the rail and Iron Ruler. But Cordero had other plans, so the stewards said later. He gradually brought Iron Ruler back in toward the rail as Belmonte was going for it. Belmonte had to check Wise

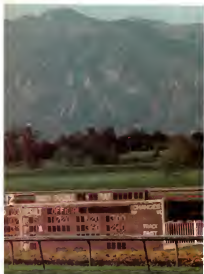
Exchange, change course and make a new move to the outside. When he got clear he was nearly three lengths behind Iron Ruler. After he started running again Wise Exchange flew after the leader, and he might have won it all in another 70 yards or less. As it turned out, he did win it all—\$89,050 out of the gross purse of \$137,000—when Belmonte claimed foul against Cordero and the stewards backed up his claim and officially reversed the order of finish.

Disqualification in a horse race is at the discretion of track stewards, but stewards, like horseplayers, do not always agree. If they had at Hialeah last week—before they threw a 20-day suspension at Cordero—they would have put up their own inquiry sign long before Belmonte had a chance to dismount and lodge his complaint. But instead of taking the initiative, Hialeah's stewards awaited Belmonte's objection—that Cordero and Iron Ruler had intimidated Wise Exchange through the stretch. Later, in explaining their own severe action (the stiffest suspensions are usually no more than 10 days), they accused Cordero of "herding" Wise Exchange by pursuing an irregular course. The films show that the stewards' decision is arguable, but, unfortunately for Cordero, the stewards are always right.

The point of it all, says Steward Keene Dangerfield, "is that even though the movies show that Wise Exchange had room to get through on the inside, nobody knew how much more herding Cordero was going to do toward the rail. Belmonte had to take back because,

continued

Turning into the stretch Angel Cordero on Iron Ruler glances back at Eddie Belmonte and Wise Exchange (No. 8) just before the incident that caused the foul claim (right).



at the time, he didn't know if Cordero was going to come all the way in on him. If Cordero had, there would have been room for half or three-quarters of a horse to get through, but not a whole horse." Cordero's defense, in a special hearing held after the last race, wasn't convincing enough. While the stewards were plainly imputing malicious intent on his part, he insisted, in broken English, that Iron Ruler often swerves when he gets the lead but that the colt did follow a straight path once Wise Exchange drove up on the inside. His plea, of course, got nowhere, and Colonel Bieber and the Jacobs family received the Flamingo trophy to the accompaniment of a chorus of boos.

"I don't know why that should be," said Trainer Hirsch Jacobs. "It was a clear case of intimidation through not steering a proper course." Losing Trainer Eddie Yowell, probably the best sport in the house, didn't think he should have lost, but said good-naturedly, "Sure, Iron Ruler weaved in, but when I saw the other jock never stop riding, I thought they'd let our number stay up. It's one of those things that happen in this game, and you have to accept it."

Are any in this field Kentucky Derby horses? Well, the picture has changed a lot now, says Jacobs, who hardly considered nominating Wise Exchange for the May 4th classic until a few weeks ago. "I thought Vitrolis was far the best," Jacobs explains, "but if he's out for a while, I suppose that gives any number of us a chance, at least for the time being. This colt of mine isn't anywhere near as good as Reflected Glory, who won the Flamingo a year ago, but he is very fast, runs honest and should really like a distance. We'll run him in the Florida Derby, then take him to New York and we might get to Churchill Downs yet." Indeed he might—if this gray, who has now won only three of 25 starts, can keep his sore shins well enough through the Jacobs training routine, which isn't so much training as just plain racing whenever possible.

Unlucky Iron Ruler is also headed for the March 30th Florida Derby, in which he and Wise Exchange have an

outside chance to run against Vitrolis, Ogden Phipps's 1967 2-year-old champion. Ailing following the Everglades, in which he was cut twice, Vitrolis may skip the rest of the Florida campaign if he doesn't come back 100% in the next two weeks.

Iron Ruler aside, those beaten in the Flamingo had no cause for complaint. Forward Pass has always been something of an in-and-outer, even though he keeps getting part of the purse. Master Bold, front-runner that he is, will have to change tactics if he hopes to get a distance, and Subpet just doesn't appear to have the class. The same applies, at least now, to Verbatim, Salerno and San Roque. And there is nothing much else in Florida, unless you want to consider Warner Jones's Go Marching, whom Trainer Horatio Luro has in his barn. "Let's just say that he is progressing slowly," says Luro. "But slowly doesn't mean wonderfully; it means hopelessly."

There were Derby hopes in California, too, last week, most of them evinced by Owners William Haggen Perry and Hastings Harcourt. Perry, the sometime partner of Claiborne Farm's Owner Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, is a familiar name in racing these days, mostly because of the success of his mares, Gamely and Princesses. If two of his Triple Crown prospects, Jacinto and Boldnesian, had not done themselves in before the major eastern classics in recent years, he would be even better known. They know him extremely well in California right now because he is the leading owner at Santa Anita and because he may have the best 3-year-old in the country. It is too early to tell for sure, but Perry, a Middleburg, Va. refugee from the horse-show world, and his astute trainer, Jim Maloney, are counting on a colt named Dewan. By Bold Ruler out of the brilliant race mare Sunshine Nell, by Sun Again, Dewan has never run in a stakes race and won't until the March 16th San Felipe. But he is unbeaten in four starts. His fourth victory, at a mile and a 16th last week, was impressive enough, but what adds to his distinction is his extreme willingness to run.

In recent weeks, despite Perry's California successes with a marvelously diversified stable, the West Coast racing news has largely centered around a man whose name seems more suitable to an

English character actor. Hastings Harcourt is a large, ruddy-faced gent of 60 who turned over the family publishing firm of Harcourt, Brace & World to hired management in order to move to California in pursuit of horse racing glory. But, unlike a lot of California racing figures who talk big about money, Harcourt has been dipping into his tweeds for the genuine article. He has spent more than \$5 million in three years, has a \$2 million ranch, Flag Is Up Farms, about 120 miles from Los Angeles in the Santa Ynez Valley, and now owns 50 horses, including the stallion Fleet Discovery and an Argentine full brother to Forli. A few days ago he paid \$1,050,000 to Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps and her grandson Dunny for the Bold Ruler stallion Successor, champion 2-year-old of 1966. Why did he do it? "I'm buying everything worthwhile," says Harcourt, "and here was a chance to go all the way overnight. We may have opened the door for Californians to buy better stallions, instead of just talking about it."

Last week Harcourt, who employs Hollywood Press Agent Helen Morgan to let the world know what he is doing, wasn't just talking about racing; he was enjoying some success with it. As he and his wife Fran, Farm Manager Marvin (Monty) Roberts and Trainer Farrell W. Jones looked on, their \$5,000 Del Mar purchase, Sharivari, won the one-mile San Jacinto Stakes at Santa Anita, beating Bill Perry's Dignitas, Charles Engelhard's Alley Fighter and the proven stakes winner Don B. Sharvian may not be able to stand the strain of many hard races like this one, but he is one of the better West Coast colts in this odd season. And he could improve. He is by What's Ahead, who was in the last crop of the great Nearco.

Whatever happens to Sharivari won't come as much of a surprise to Hastings and Fran Harcourt. "I'm known in the game as a new pigeon," said the winning owner last week. "But I really don't mind, because I thought it would be fun to try this sport, and it has been fun. If Sharivari can do us some good in the Santa Anita Derby and stays sound, we'll go all the way—to Kentucky, that is."

It is this sort of refreshing optimism, sprinkled over the rhubarb, that keeps racing enthusiasts charming. "I've got the horse right here. . . ."

END

Long shot Sharivari leads Alley Fighter to the wire, bringing a handsome mutual payoff and a wide smile to the face of Owner Harcourt as he congratulates his rider after the race.

SOME HOT ROOKIES FOR A NEW SEASON

Military service and a restrictive baseball rule hover over the horizon, but here are five young stars, the best of a remarkable group of hopefuls **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



SWIRLING IN A NULA HOOP, LA'S FOSTER TRAINS AT VERO BEACH

No matter how you look at it, there is a challenge facing Jorge Rubio. Statistically, he is 22 years old and merely one of the 100 and more rookies who will be trying to force themselves into the major leagues by their performances in spring training during the next five weeks. However, Rubio, a right-hander, is totally different from the rest because the Cincinnati Reds are currently encouraging him to become ambidextrous. In all of baseball, there have been few pitchers like him.

There is no sense in laughing at the Cincinnati Reds alone. All of baseball is going crazy with its rookies, and for good reason. This spring, for the first

time in many springs, there are a lot of splendid new names. There are a Nash, a Ford and a Messersmith, as well as a Moses, a Cuan and a Christian. Look over the rosters of the National and American League teams. You will find rookies named Cash, Bonds, Money, Crook, Rooker and Fink. There are also some who are named Wessenberg and Scheinblum, Kelly, Duffie, Ryan and O'Brien, and there is even a Lum. A rookie Chinese outfielder with the Atlanta Braves, Mike Lum was born in Honolulu, lives in Austin, Texas, went to Brigham Young University and may still be a year away.

The best rookie of this forthcoming

season, though, probably will not be a Rubio or a Money or a Lum. Most likely he will be one of the fellows pictured on this week's cover. Each of the five represents more than just youth and inexperience and hope. Take John Bench, the 21-year-old catcher for the Cincinnati Reds. He is being given one of the biggest buildups ever provided any catcher, and, if he should become the National League's Rookie of the Year, as many expect he will, he would be the first catcher in league history to do so.

Mike Torrez, the tall, handsome kid pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, is being counted on to step into a pitching rotation that already includes Bob Gil-

son, Nelson Briles, Steve Carlton and Dick Hughes, and that is a very high step to climb. Cisco Carlos pitched briefly for the Chicago White Sox last year and during the pennant drive compiled an earned run average of 0.86 in 42 innings. Even by White Sox standards, that is spectacular pitching. The big first-base candidate for the Detroit Tigers, Don Pepper, represents something entirely different, because to win his job he must push aside one-time batting champion Norm Cash and Eddie Mathews, the latter one of seven players ever to hit more than 500 home runs in the major leagues. Alan Foster, after only 54 games in the minor leagues, is the man Walter O' Malley hopes can help his team back into contention in Los Angeles, and when the Dodgers get high on a pitcher the National League had best look out.

There are other rookies almost as promising. The California Angels are going to start a Mexican third baseman named Aurelio Rodriguez. Although he is technically not a rookie—he came to bat 130 times last year—the Angels could not care less because he can field and busloads of Mexicans will come over the border into Anaheim to watch him. Philadelphia's seemingly old Phils have a fine young pitcher named Larry Colton, who is married to Hedy Lamarr's daughter and did not do too badly at San Diego last year for the pennant-winning Padres. Colton is expected to help fill in for Jim Bunning, the consistent game winner who was traded away for a remarkable young shortstop named Don Money. Although Money probably will not be seen too often in Connie Mack Stadium at the beginning of the year, he is still the youngster John Quinn plans to build future teams around. Do not be shocked if the boo birds get mad at the Phils early and Quinn is forced to bring Money up to the majors before he would like to.

Technically, a rookie is one who has not been on a major league roster for more than 45 days between Opening Day and August 31, been to bat more than 90 times or pitched more than 45

innings. Under these terms, two of this year's rookies came very close to not being that at all. Bench went to bat 86 times last year for the Reds at the end of the season, and, had it not been for a lacerated thumb that kept him out of the last three games of the season, he would not qualify for rookie status this year. The White Sox' Carlos was four innings short of disqualification.

As good as this year's rookies are, a pall hovers over the careers of almost every one of them. Unless there is a sudden lessening of tensions in Vietnam, some will go there to fight, others will be called to domestic duty. The trouble is that nobody knows who will go where,

or when he will go, or for how long. Most of today's teams are stocked deep with players in reserve units; even without future call-ups, on some of the teams at least 40% of the talent will have to perform some sort of service duty this season. If you wondered why the St. Louis Cardinals traded for Catcher John Edwards of the Reds, the answer is very simple: Tim McCarver will be away functioning as a soldier on any number of weekends this year. There is some fear he could be lost for the entire season. It is the same everywhere. The specter of military service adds to the already heavy burden on the shoulders of the boy trying to

continued



HIGH-STEPPING THROUGH TIRES, REDS' BENCH (NO. 5) FLOWS AHEAD AT TAMPA



DETROIT'S big Dan Pepper must push out two veteran first basemen, Cash and Mathews.



CHICAGO'S Cisco Carlos gave up less than a run a game during last year's pennant drive.



ST. LOUIS' Mike Torrez survived a shaky start in 1967, is counted on this season.

make the majors. Aside from this new pressure, the rookie's situation today is not what most baseball people remember.

Only 20 years ago there were some 300 minor league teams functioning in this country. In 1967 there were fewer than 130. The combination of greed on the part of the owners and television's ability to send major league games throughout the land caused that breakdown. Today's rookie must learn things quicker with less instruction than in the past. Two of the three outstanding rookies in the National League last year, Tom Seaver of the New York Mets and Gary Nolan of the Reds, got to the majors after appearing in only 34 and 12 games, respectively, in the minors. Rod Carew of Minnesota and Reggie Smith of Boston, the two best rookies in the American League, played only 274 and 443 minor league games.

But that was last year. Baseball legislation has made it more difficult for the rookie to make his team in 1968. Big-league clubs now must start the season with 25 men instead of 28. Since most managers prefer to keep experienced players around, the rookies of this spring will have to perform at a higher level of ability if they are to stick it out with the majors.

For all their problems, the best of the rookies will be written and talked about often. Some, like the Cards' Torrez, will deserve the publicity. The other morning he talked about his problems in the team's clubhouse at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. The weather had been horrible for a week, but during that week Torrez had to do his reserve duty with the Marine Corps. "I'm lucky to be in the reserves," he said. "For so many kids my age, the service is a part of our time and, although it confuses us, I think we understand that aspect of it."

Torrez began putting on his Cardinal uniform. "I remember when I pitched for the first time in the majors last season. Somehow, we had blown a lead, and the call went to the bullpen for me to start throwing. I came in with runners at first and second and two out and struck out Donn Clendenon of the Pirates. The way it happened, it was the best thing for me, because I didn't have too much time to think. But later on when I was told that I was going to start a game it was totally different. I had time to think about what could hap-

pen to me and I got nervous. You look around, and all of a sudden you are in the major leagues. They were all there—Cepeda, Maris, Flood, Brock, and I know they were yelling for me. But you feel so alone."

In that first start Torrez got into trouble in the first inning against the Atlanta Braves by giving up two singles and a walk, but he got out of serious trouble when Joe Torre hit into a double play as one run came in. In the next four innings Torrez gave up but one hit and was taken out in the bottom of the fifth inning, still losing 0-1. The Cardinals eventually won the game in 12 innings, but Manager Red Schoendienst liked what he had seen, and Torrez began to figure quite high in his plans for the future.

Bench, who is part Irish, English, Dutch and American Indian and comes from Oklahoma, is a slugger and a marvelous young catcher who seems to believe that catchers should throw. In one game he tried to pick a runner off first, threw the ball away and the runner got to third base. On the next pitch he picked him off. Probably on opening day in Cincinnati he will catch 19-year-old Gary Nolan, and that, at the age of 20, he will help to form the youngest battery in the major leagues. His minor league averages have been respectable yet not high. His homer totals, however, are excellent—22 and 23 in fewer than 100 games at both Peninsula of the Carolina League and Buffalo of the International. When he left Peninsula the people gave him a parade and his uniform was retired. Although he has served five months in the service, the Reds still have to count on his being gone several times during the season for reserve duty. During this spring-training season he must prove that he is capable of handling a very good pitching staff, and no one seems to doubt that he will.

When Alan Foster was called into a big-league game for the first time by Manager Walter Alston in April of last year, the Dodgers were already far behind and the first hitter he had to pitch to was Henry Aaron of the Braves. Foster, a strikingly handsome 22-year-old from California, sat on the bench the other day and recalled his debut as a major leaguer.

"I thought to myself," he said, "that Aaron is looking out at me and saying,

continued

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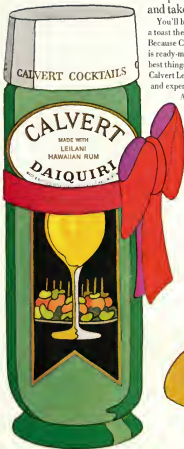
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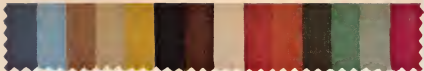


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"Oh, oh, another one of those crazy, wild kids. I better just play it loose..."

Foster smiled as he recalled his first pitch to Aaron. "I was going to try to show him that I was not just another wild kid. I was going to fool him and get him out of there. Well, the first pitch went right over his head and the second one wasn't much better, and now I'm two balls behind to Henry Aaron. Finally, I got him after a real struggle. He bounced out to shortstop on a bad pitch, and I admired the way he hung in. Today I don't even recall the names of the other batters in the inning, but I remember Henry Aaron."

Appearing in only four games for Los Angeles in 1967, Foster struck out 15 batters in 17 innings and walked just three. He came out of the service last spring but not in time to get to training. The Dodgers paid \$90,000 in bonus money for Foster.

Even today there are rookies who get to the majors only after tremendous struggles and years in the minors. Pep-

per of the Tigers and Carlos of the White Sox spent six and seven years in the bushes waiting for a chance. Carlos has had some good years in the minors and some bad ones as well, but once he joined the White Sox he seemed in command of things and won the respect of Manager Eddie Stanky for his grit under the demands of pitching for a team that had trouble scoring runs.

Pepper has worked hard all his life on a turkey farm (45,000 birds) owned by his family just outside Saratoga Springs, N.Y. During the spring of 1967 he was on Detroit's roster, but his father died in his mid 40s and Don was confused and confronted with the choice of giving baseball another try or working the farm. After deciding to stick with baseball, he went to Toledo and got off to a poor start. Later on, though, he caught fire and helped to lift the club from deep in the standings to the playoffs. Husky at 6' 4", 215 pounds, Pepper is highly regarded by batting coach Wally Moses, and something has to

click in the Detroit situation between Pepper, Cash and Mathews, because no team really wants to carry three left-handed hitting first basemen. Pepper is working extremely hard to make the Tigers, and he will force Manager Mayo Smith into making a very tough decision. Do you keep Cash and Mathews and run for the pennant with experience and age even though Detroit partisans have grown more than restless with Cash, or do you open the season with Pepper and see what happens, knowing full well that you did not win last year with both of the veterans?

There are other rookies who are being relied upon heavily. The Atlanta Braves, for example, have been troubled by internal turmoil in recent seasons. They have also been desperate for pitching. "We can go as far as our pitching carries us," Aaron said recently, "and last year it carried us right to seventh place." Two of the pitchers who are supposed to get the Braves out of seventh place this year were on the International

continued

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NOT ROOKIES *continued*

League's pennant-winning team at Richmond last season under new Brave Manager Lum Harris. Ron Reed pitched more innings and more complete games (222 and 17) than any pitcher in the league, and Reed, only 25, has already spent two years in the National Basketball Association with the Detroit Pistons, where he averaged eight points a game.

The other, Jim Britton, is also a right-hander. He had the second best earned run average in the league (2.20). Britton was chosen by Harris to pitch the International League's playoff game against Rochester last September and, according to Harris, "There probably was never anything in baseball like it. Jim's father suffered a fatal stroke in the eighth inning in the stands. We finally won 2-0, but if that had happened in the majors they would still be writing about it and the game would never be forgotten."

Once upon a time, of course, there was a good team in a very provincial eastern city, and—against early odds of 75 to 1—it won a pennant that will not soon be forgotten. It had a marvelous hitter named Carl Yastrzemski and a bright and intellectual young pitcher named Jim Lonborg. During the World Series, the team (Lonborg and Yastrzemski) won three games to tie with the St. Louis Cardinals with one game remaining and the dear, dear *Globe* wrote, *NOW CINDERELLA TRIES ON THE SLIPPER*. The movie version of this story would be great right up to there, but then it sags a little because not only did the slipper not fit but this winter a ski boot did. Lonborg, unfortunately, was wearing it at Lake Tahoe, and the "impossible dream" of 1967 has become a desperate one for 1968. Lonborg currently is recovering from a knee injury.

The Red Sox do have some good rookies, and one of them, Fred Wenz, is a tall (6' 3") short-relief man who struck out 76 hitters in 60 innings of relief at Toronto in 1967. Shades of Dick Radatz? Boston's other standout rookie is a 19-year-old left-handed pitcher named Ken Brett. A left-handed pitcher in Fenway? Hmm. Jorge Rubio pitching left- and right-handed in Crosley Field? Hmm, twice. Such excellent dreams are sometimes hard to remember, but there is hope in Boston and Cincinnati and a lot of other cities this year. The rookies seem to hold so much promise. **END**



Young college-trained executive looks for his own successor.

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THE ONCE A WINTER WILD ONE

Mostly there is a lot of standing around at Hawaii's Waimea Bay; watching, waiting in poses of patient despair, because these surfers—dedicated wintertime, north-shore-of-Oahu surfers—are not the sort of people who would take off on just any old wave. At Waimea there are only about 15 days all year when wind, sea and sky are in perfect balance. Only then does one climb on his board, through an explosion of spray, for the big one. Still, one of those days can be worth a season, because the ride in—being chased by a curl of angry ocean—is a crazy, surging experience that, to surfers, far surpasses other winter pastimes, like skiing the 15-mile Parsenn run at Davos or roaring along on a spinnaker reach off Nassau





There are no sure signs, no accurate predictions on surf. You must stand at the ocean's edge and read the sets rolling in and never—but never—plunge in until the moment is perfect. Some come without boards, for this is a sport in which daydreaming is *de rigueur* for the athlete.



The right day and the right moment, and a bold surfer sails



into Waimea on a 15-footer—dwarfed by the Hawaiian shoreline and locked in on life.







Even expert surfers, those who stalk the winter seas, are subject to accidents—those spills they later describe (while coughing up kelp) as wipeouts. But to surf Waimea is to face the prospect of a crash-and-burn followed by a jolting ride to the beach—and that followed by more waiting, perhaps under medication.

THE LITTLE CAR THAT COULD

From the rubble of World War II has come a German car that wins spectacularly on the racecourses and gives private buyers some of the fanciest cornering this side of Le Mans and Sebring **by PERCY KNAUTH**

One of the more conspicuous facts of the automotive world in recent years has been the omnipresence of two very different, yet oddly similar, cars, both products of the same designing genius, both risen from the rubble of postwar Germany. One has long been lovingly known as the Bug. It is, of course, the

Volkswagen. The other is sometimes called the Superbug, and it is to be seen on just about every racetrack in the world. At Daytona last month it accounted for the first three places in the 24 Hours, and at Sebring this month it will be represented by four prototypes which, if they run to the form they have

steadfastly displayed year after year on every type of course from those same Florida flats to Sicily's mountains, will finish well up front. By this time it will come as no surprise that the name of the marque is Porsche.

Brothers under the skin, the Bug and the Superbug represent the two ideals



of the man who fathered them: Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, the Austrian-born pioneer whose very first car, which he designed and built at the age of 25, was the sensation of the Paris Automobile Salon of 1900. The VW realized his lifelong ambition to build a true "People's Car." The Porsche, which he barely lived to see, comes as close as any marque, past or present, to being the ideal sports car. Most Porsches, of course, are not meant to be raced—although they can be—but to provide sure, sporting transportation at speeds up to about 130 mph for the fastest model. There are two basic street varieties, the four-cylinder 912 and the

six-cylinder 911, and prices advance in thousand-dollar stages from \$5,000 for the 912 to \$6,000 for the 911 to \$7,000 for the 911 equipped with a new automatic transmission. The Daytona-winning Type 907 shown below is not for sale.

Far and away the largest number of Porsches to be found in any country are on American roads—some 35,000 of them—and they are driven by notoriously fussy men and women who raise holy hell with the factory on discovering any defect. Porsches are supposed to be perfect. Last year Porsche built 11,300 cars, of which 5,400 went to the U.S.

Mickey Rooney has one, so does

swimmer Donna De Varona. But these are not typical U.S. owners. The typical owner, according to surveys, is a 36-year-old college graduate with a 34-year-old wife and one or two children, and an income of \$17,300. Doctors are the most numerous owners, followed by electronics people. Porsche men have also discerned a fairly large group of "middle-aged swingers" among the owners.

The Porsche was developed from Dr. Porsche's original design by his son, Ferry Porsche, who runs the Porsche works today, and it was guided to racing fame largely by the hand of a talented and ebullient former racing driver—

continued



whose name bespeaks his aristocratic heritage: Huschke von Hanstein.

Volkswagen and Porsche have long since gone their separate ways: the VW today is produced in its millions in a massive factory in Wolfsburg in the north of Germany; the Porsche in its hundreds in a jumbled collection of buildings huddled on a hillside above the south German city of Stuttgart. Here Porsches are hand-tooled, racing and retail versions alike, in circumstances so retiring that a visitor who recently went to see where the factory was walked right past it.

On any normal working day there is a torrent of clanging, pounding, rhythmic noise. But for one who calls during the factory's annual three-week shutdown, there is a bonus in being able to walk in quiet. When the machines die down, something else seems to come alive: history, perhaps, or tradition or the spirit that animated the place when, long ago, a purpose was first formed and the wheels of production began slowly to turn. It is not too difficult to imagine, as one passes the rows of empty-windowed bodies with their entrails of wiring coiled about the uncarpeted

floors, how their prototypes and predecessors first took shape, hand-hammered and assembled in circumstances far more primitive, here and elsewhere, through a cavalcade of years. And it is not too difficult to conjure up as one looks at Ferry Porsche—small, compact, quiet but sharp-eyed, casual in his silk sport shirt but formal in his manner—a picture of the stubborn, independent character who started the tradition nearly 70 years ago. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche has been dead for 17 years, but it is his spirit that still very much animates the Porsche plant—the spirit of a man who in half a century pushed forward the frontiers of automotive development with such unrelenting energy that already his name is legend.

The legend was so great when Dr. Porsche died in 1951, aged 75, that it has had a tendency to overshadow the very solid accomplishments of his son. Ferry Porsche, born in 1909 on a September day when his father was off at a race, is the same hard-working, self-effacing type of man, not as inspirational as his father was, perhaps, but no less a supporter of the dictum that "racing improves the breed."

By 1930, when he was 21 years old, Ferry was working as a full-time draftsman in his father's design office in Stuttgart and also occasionally testing the cars he helped design. In both capacities he worked on some notable products—the two-liter Wanderer GT car built for Germany's Auto-Union; the famous race car of the mid-1930s for the same firm; the very first true VW ancestor, a 1933 experiment of Dr. Porsche's for the NSU works, which already bore a strong resemblance to the VW of today. By 1939 he was his father's deputy in Zuffenhausen and, sooner than anyone realized, he would be even more than that—for now came the war. The war cut short one of the most ambitious of all Porsche projects—a streamlined, six-wheel racer of 3,000 hp, powered by an aircraft engine, with which Daimler-Benz wanted to crack Sir John Cobb's absolute speed record on the salt flats of Utah. The car never ran; the design jobs that now came along had to do with tanks and trucks and tractors, and by 1944 even that was finished: under the incessant bombing by the Allied air fleets, the Porsche works was finally evacuated to Gmünd, a tiny town across the Bavarian border in Austria. It was there when the war ended, and for a time it seemed that the vital force of Porsche in the automotive world would end with it, for both Ferry and his father, after some brief preliminary examinations, were arrested and interned.

It is an irony of the war's aftermath that Dr. Porsche should have been imprisoned for nearly two years on political grounds. Probably his technical genius was more responsible than his politics, which were nonexistent: the French got him, after the Americans had examined and then released him, and the first thing they did was to bring him to the Renault works in Billancourt near Paris, where they showed him the early experimental versions of their own "People's Car," the Renault 4 CV. They asked him for his opinions, and he suggested some improvements. After that he was sent to prison in Dijon, where he stayed for nearly 20 months.

The remnants of the Porsche firm by this time were under public trusteeship in Gmünd, and they, too, were gradually eroding when Ferry returned, cleared of political charges, in July 1946. Any kind of large-scale production was out



FERRY PORSCHE (SHOWN WITH A 911 MODEL) WANTS TO KEEP THE COMPANY SMALL

of the question, since Gmünd did not even have a railway connection, but at least the firm stayed alive. It was under these primitive and inauspicious circumstances, in the winter of 1947-48, that the first of Dr. Porsche's cars to actually bear his name took shape: the Porsche Type 356, the forerunner of all the models of today.

Ferry was the man who launched it, harking back to a prewar design for a VW sports car with a 1,131-cc. engine. Ferry saw the future clearly in a sports-car-conscious world, though in what crystal ball he saw it no one at the time could say: certainly Austria was not a market, Germany even less so, and elsewhere in Europe the rancors of war still militated heavily against even the best of German products. Nonetheless, production of a prototype went ahead against formidable difficulties. Travelers to Switzerland, for instance, were asked to bring back spark plugs in their pockets to help out in the acute shortage of any kind of parts; and by the spring of 1948 the first car, an open two-seater with a VW engine tuned to produce 40 horsepower, was ready to drive.

That car was sold in the fall to a

Swiss buyer for 7,000 francs, or less than \$1,650. It probably was one of the best buys any Porsche owner ever made. The car ran in Switzerland for 10 years, after which Porsche bought it back for the company museum.

That first Type 356 roadster was followed immediately by a closed coupe model, and this one was test-driven by the *Automobil-Revue*, a Berne sports car magazine, in Switzerland. The resulting write-up brought an almost embarrassing number of orders, 30 from Sweden, 50 from Holland, 15 from Portugal (with an offer to trade Porsches for sardines should there be any trouble with the Austrian government about export licenses for the cars). Ferry had only 300 people working for him at the time and still no railway connection; nonetheless, by the winter of 1948-49 Porsche was producing five cars a month. The bodies were hand-beaten out of sheet metal on wooden dies by a specialist from Wiener Neustadt whom Ferry had known in the Austro-Daimler days. When he was good, he was very, very good; when he went out on the town in Gmünd, everybody in the place held his breath until he sobered up again.

It's a long road from those early Porsches to the 911s and 912s of today, and every mile of it is studded with racing successes. "It isn't that racing is in our blood," said Ferry recently in the paneled office from which he now runs things in Zuffenhausen, "but it is a basic part of our philosophy. In our second lifetime, since the war, we have always built pure sports cars—not touring cars modified and tuned to sports-car performance, but sports cars from the ground up. My father used to say that there must not be one part on any of his cars that does not have to be there, and I hold to that. And thus, I believe, is the root of the safety problem: one must start with a safe car. It must be safe because under all conditions it will do what the driver wants it to do, impeccably and instantly. Knockout windows, instrument-panel padding, collapsible steering wheels—all those are secondary factors. Road-holding, brakes, suspension, steering—those are primary factors, for they answer the primary question: what can I do to my cars to prevent accidents?"

To Ferry Porsche, every Porsche on the road today is proof that racing does

continued



AT ZUFFENHAUSEN WORKMAN INSPECTS NEW AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION. ASSEMBLY AREA REFLECTS PORSCHE'S PERFECTIONIST AIM

improve the breed—and if this is indeed so, then few men have contributed more to the Porsche reputation than its racing director, the ubiquitous Huschke von Hanstein.

By character as well as capabilities, Von Hanstein was peculiarly well equipped to carry Porsche's name abroad. Not only was he a lifelong motoring enthusiast who had won national and international honors after graduating from the motorcycles of his boyhood; he also knew intimately the problems of starting a new life when not even the ruins of the old are left. The son of a German noble family, he was born with enough silver spoons to choke any normal infant. From the windows of his nursery in the family chateau on the little Werra River near Kassel, he could see the twin towers of Burg Hanstein, a crumbling 9th century ruin from which his early ancestors fought their way to fame and fortune. There were family estates in Pomerania and Poland, and on his mother's side there was Germany's oldest and most prosperous seed business. He polished his impeccable English at Oxford in the early 1930s, and he learned his driving as a private entry in races all over Europe in a variety of cars. He did so well that in 1938 he was offered a professional career as driver of one of the big Auto-Union Grand Prix cars (this was also one of his first contacts with the elder Dr. Porsche); but before he could make up his mind about it, his life fell apart. Driving back one night from a race in Switzerland, his mechanic missed a curve on a mountain road; the car spun and hit the retaining wall, and Von Hanstein was thrown out into the abyss.

"That accident," Von Hanstein now recalls, "turned out to be a key event in my life. Until then, I had been undecided what to do, whether to devote my life to automobiles or to the law and international diplomacy. But in the year I spent in the hospital, my father died and left me as the responsible heir to the family businesses. My law professor was arrested by the Nazis for political unreliability, and my doctor's thesis, which I had just finished, wound up not worth the paper it was written on. I had chosen as my theme the status of the Memelland—that little piece of German territory in Lithuania which after World War I had been put under international trusteeship—and in 1939 Hitler

brought the Memelland 'home to the Reich,' as he had done with Austria and Czechoslovakia. No more Memelland; no more doctor's thesis—and I came out of the hospital with a withered left arm."

The war brought more disasters. Von Hanstein was an obvious 4-F, and when Poland was overrun he was sent there to administer the family's estates. After a couple of years of this he was arrested by the Gestapo for being too easy on his Polish help; to ponder his iniquities he spent a year in the Gestapo jail on the Prinz Albrechtstrasse in Berlin. This was followed by assignment to a punishment battalion on the Russian front near Leningrad. In 1945 the Red Army overran his unit, and Von Hanstein departed for the south. With the help of false papers he made his way to Bavaria, winding up in American-held territory when the war ended.

Back home in the family chateau on the Werra, meanwhile, things were building up to another and even more fateful climax. The Werra River, that cheerful little stream in which Von Hanstein often paddled as a boy, now suddenly loomed as large as the Rhine: it had been fixed, in this area, as the border between the Russian and American zones of occupation, and all of the Von Hanstein property wound up on the wrong side of it. "I realized that this was serious," Von Hanstein said not long ago. "I had been on the Russian front once, and I wasn't going to wind up there again. So one night I piled a lot of stuff into a little truck and drove across the Werra for the last time. A couple of days later the Russians arrived, and today everything I ever had there belongs to the government of East Germany."

A remnant of the family's seed business survived in the western part of Germany, in the form of an office in Düsseldorf, and for a while Von Hanstein busied himself with that. But there were two uncles in the firm as well, and as he recalls it, "It just wasn't big enough for us all. I decided then," he says, "to see if I could make a business out of what had been my hobby, and I started looking for work in the automotive field."

His first automotive work was for Vespa, the Italian motor-scooter firm. Two years later he joined Porsche as racing director.

It was quite a job, in those early years.

"There was very little money," Von Hanstein remembers. "We didn't really have a racing team, or any kind of an organization; there wasn't much besides me and a couple of cars. I often was my own advance PR man, my own race organizer, my own photographer, my own mechanic and my own driver. When we went to the Targa Florio for the first time, we had one car, one mechanic and the Italian driver, Umberto Maglioli. We did our practicing in a Fiat 500. Last year when we went to the Targa Florio we took seven cars in all, including practice cars, and went down a week ahead of time. But in the first attempt we won—just as we did last year."

"We also entered the Carrera Panamericana along about that same time—the old Pan-American race from Guatemala to the U.S.-Mexican border. We had two cars in that one, and when we finished, a mechanic and I loaded one of the two into a truck, drove day and night across the southern U.S. to Miami and there dispatched ourselves to Nassau for the Speed Week. I drove and finished in fourth place."

Since those days, of course, the cars as well as the conditions themselves have changed a good deal, not always to the pleasure of the purist Porsche customers. When, for example, word got around last year that a Porsche with an automatic transmission was in the making—it went on sale in the U.S. in October—a groan went through the ranks, and one had the feeling of an idol toppling. But Ferry Porsche had an answer in keeping with the traditions of the company:

"When I make a model change, I make it because technical developments force me to do so—because we have reached the limits of the model produced so far, and it will no longer hold the technical developments we now need to put into it. The semiautomatic transmission that we are now making is a case in point. No one can deny that there are times when an automatic transmission is desirable—as, for instance, when driving in city traffic, which is, alas, the sad lot of most automobile drivers today. There is no question but that it saves the driver work and saves the engine wear. But the big trouble with an automatic transmission has always been that it does not necessarily do what I, the driver, want it to do in a given situation: it has a mind of its own, and this is

continued

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"For this reason, an automatic transmission could never be considered for one of our cars—until we developed one that would obey the driver. This is what we have now: a transmission that will save the driver's nerves and energies in city traffic, but that will obey him instantly on the highway, because he can at any moment still select whichever gear he needs in a particular situation."

This seeming paradox has been achieved by adding only two new developments to the normal, stick-shift type of Porsche transmission: a torque converter and an electrically operated clutch, which goes into action as soon as the driver's hand touches the gear-shift lever. The left foot, of course, is out of work; the clutch pedal is gone. The right hand cannot rest on the shift lever in moments of boredom; if it does, the clutch goes into action and the engine lets out a protesting howl. Other than that, a Porsche equipped with the

new Sportomatic transmission performs like any other, in some respects even perhaps a little better, since the longer range made possible in first gear by the torque converter (up to 55 mph) is about what might be expected from the two lower gears of the five-speed racing models. As for top speed, it is around 3 mph less than in a conventional model.

To see a Porsche perform in a demanding race is to understand exactly what Ferry Porsche means when he argues the necessity of having an absolutely responsive and reliable car. Last July at the German National Hill Climb Championships in Freiburg in the Black Forest, Gerhard Mitter, one of the top German drivers in this event, demonstrated Ferry's argument in impressive fashion. The year before he had set a new record of 6:02.95. This time, in his first practice run, he improved that by three seconds, breaking the six-minute barrier with a time of 5:59.8. In four following practice runs, he shaved that time by fractions in each successive run,

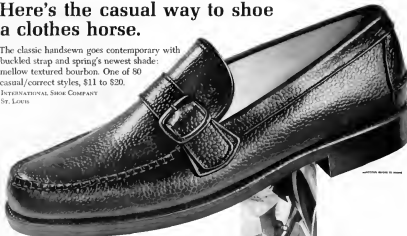
and in his first official try he raced his Porsche to an alltime record of 5:49.33, an average speed of 115.5 kilometers per hour up the 10-kilometer course. Each run meant shifting gears between 180 and 200 times while twisting the car around every type of curve from fast bends to hairpins. As Mitter himself put it: "Every action can only be an instantaneous reflex reaction to the situation at hand, and for this the car has to be a complete extension of the driver—of his eyes and ears, his fingers and toes. If it hesitates at any instant, he may well be lost."

Over the years, few Porsche drivers have been lost because of any hesitation in their cars. Many years ago old Dr. Porsche formulated what he considered the real challenge of racing and sports car design: to build vehicles in which the limits of technical development could be continually demonstrated. He probably would be quite satisfied today to see how this challenge has been met in the cars that bear his name. **END**

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Wide-Track  Pontiacs

Doug Lord, manager of water-weight champion **Curtis Cokes**, took a trip to South Africa recently to make arrangements for a match between Cokes and Willie Ludick. His plane made a stop in Nigeria, and the Texan was whisked, under guard, to his hotel where, in his homely Texas way, he was soon trying to chat with one of the guards on patrol duty. "I hear Dick Tiger joined the rebel cause down here and that they're going to take his title away in Nigeria," he bumbled. "Isn't it a shame he'd join a bunch of rebels?" The guard considered Lord rather coldly. "We are the rebels," he said.

Jackie Kennedy (below) has been engaged recently in the sport of privacy-seeking. Privacy-seeking is a harder game to play in warm weather.

When the Toney Penna Golf Company plant opened in Jupiter, Fla., Governor **Claude Kirk**, **Bob Hope** and **Perry Como** were to be on hand for the occasion. Kirk and Hope made it. Como was late. "Sorry," he said when he finally arrived. "I was working." He went on to explain, "I was up to a coffee breakfast for our community fund and offered to come out of retirement to cut the hair of



the highest bidder. So this fellow had one share of IBM stock and was the winner. I had to go back home, get my clippers and give him a haircut." It was a nice prize for the donor of the stock, even if he can't show it proudly to people next year.

The second annual Most Eligible Bachelor contest has just been concluded in Dallas, and half of the 10 finalists were athletes. A panel of ladies, including local TV personalities, fashion and society editors, models and airline stewardesses awarded first place to Olympian **Earl Young**, presently a stockbroker in Dallas. **Lenz Rentzel** of the Cowboys, **Jerry Levis** of the SMU football team, **Roger Belliveau** of the Dallas Black Hawks and **Per Larsen** of the Dallas Tornados soccer club finished second, third, fourth and sixth respectively, having been selected on the basis of "qualities most desired by the judges, I guess," as a contest spokesman explained. Levis and Rentzel are reported to have won the fashion plate awards. Levis for a coordinated ensemble in pale green and Rentzel for his choice of a navy-blue turtleneck shirt, matching slacks and light jacket. Winner Young had better rejoice cautiously in his new title—last year's winner, Photographer **Russ Russell**, was picked off and married within months.

Eric Tabarly, France's famous solo navigator, won the single-handed transatlantic yacht race in 1964 when he sailed from Plymouth, England to Newport, R.I. In 1967 he won the Fastnet race in Plymouth. This January he had the best time in the Sydney-to-Hobart race. But sailing alone on the open sea is one thing and making time in a mad-day Paris traffic jam is another, and Tabarly recently looked at his watch to find it reading 1:20 on a day when he had a 1:15 luncheon appointment. He



sprinted up his host's steps and learned, to his relief, that he was not due until 1:30. "I was the last man to arrive," he says, "but actually I didn't arrive late." A good thing, too. Luncheon was at the Elysée Palace, and his host was **Charles de Gaulle**.

Fighter Don Fullmer just barely got a decision over Carl Moore in Phoenix and said angrily, "I nearly got robbed." When he stomped off to his dressing room he found he'd spoken too soon. He had been robbed, of his wallet and his wedding ring.

The **Aveell Harrisons** gave a party for performers who were in that recent Washington telethon, and Mrs. **Stan Musial** was seated next to Mrs. **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**. When Mrs. Musial left the room briefly Harriman remarked to Mrs. Longworth, "Her husband is Stan Musial." "Who?" Mrs. Longworth inquired. "Stan Musial. The great baseball player. You know." Mrs. Longworth didn't. "I know Babe Ruth," she said.

"We go absolutely mad sometimes," Sean says, and what a wild sight it must be! "Sean" is Sean of **Vidal Sassoon's** Bond Street hairdressing salon, and "we" includes the 10 other members of the salon's soccer team

(above). They are: back row, left to right, **Melvin**, **Leonard**, **Jeel**, **Richard** and **Ian**; middle row, **David**, **Clifford**, **Terry** and **Laurence**; front row, **Sean** and **Dominic**. On their one day off a week the 11 "let their hair down," as London's *Sunday Times* puts it, "and hurl themselves into the mud and blood of the football field." In their first match last month the boys crushed a team from Sassoon's school of hairdressing by a score of 13-3 in an encounter that saw one of the opposition rushed to the hospital after a kick in the head. In their second game they defeated the Grosvenor House salon 9-2, smashing a few noses with hard-kicked soccer balls. Their next game is to be against French of London, Hairdressers, of Cork Street, and Sean predicts, "We are going to annihilate them."

The Twans' **Harmon Killebrew** was working his way through his daily batch of mail recently when he came upon this query from a 9-year-old boy: "My mother says if I want to hit the ball I gotta eat tuna. I hate tuna. What do you think?" Killebrew replied that he should eat the tuna. "I figured he wouldn't be able to play (or hit) at all if he didn't obey his mother and keep her happy." Ann and Abby, move over!



The hip bone's connected to the elbow

When I return to the tour after a vacation I often spray my tee shots all over the golf course. This was particularly true during two of the tournaments in which I have played this year—first the Andy Williams in San Diego and then the Phoenix Open, where poor driving was one reason I failed to make the cut. Sometimes I pushed the ball out to the right and faded it even more in that direction. Other times I hit pulled hook shots, the worst possible shots a golfer can hit, as far as I am concerned. After thinking about it, I realize that I was inadvertently doing a number of things that caused my right elbow to stray away from my body during the downswing. Consequently, my timing at impact was off—hence a variety of poor shots. At the start of the downswing you must remember to tuck your elbow back into your right hip. If at that point your elbow moves to the right—it's called letting your elbow fly out—then you will hit a poor shot. If you can keep your elbow on your hip during the downswing it will help keep your drives in the fairway.

When the elbow strays from the hip on the downswing, the timing at impact will be off.



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Lilly fashions her own kind of Pulitzer Prize



Seven years ago Lilly Pulitzer, the enterprising daughter of Mrs. Ogden Phipps, opened an orange-juice stand in Palm Beach, Fla. using the oranges from her husband Peter's citrus groves. In order to work in comfort, Lilly designed some colorful cotton shifts for herself. To her surprise, she found that her customers were as interested in buying her shifts as they were in buying her orange juice. Soon she was producing informal dresses for women (called Lilys) and for little girls (Minnies). Recently Lilly started designing men's sportswear for a few of her Palm Beach friends, some of whom appear on these pages. Lilly's collection of Men's Stuff reflects the easy, comfortable life of the resort. Pulitzer Jeans (readily identified by the label on the hip pocket), slacks and sport coats are made in the bright printed cotton fabric for which she has become famous. Shirts—in solid colors, patterns and stripes—are styled after the Cuban guayabera and should be worn without a jacket. In white, the shirt can be altered from the play circuit (left) to the party circuit (page 59) simply by adding a black tie. The complete collection of clothes is available this month at Lord & Taylor, as well as at Lilly Pulitzer's 14 stores across the country.

CONTINUED

Reuters model Pulitzer cottons at home of Mrs. Albert Bostwick. Claire and Garrick Stephenson play Takraw (left) and later join Donald Lees at a portable crop table.





Upon landing at Palm Beach airport in Peter Pulitzer's twin-engine Beechcraft, Phil Brady (on page 58) and Bob Leidy visited clubs. Both golfers are wearing Pulitzer Jeans.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

Bob Leidy (right) wears a striped guayabera opened at the neck. Donald Lees (below, with Sunny Buggas in a long Lilly) is casually formal in white guayabera and black tie.



A winner where the tall corn grows

In the final week Iowa leads a typical Big Ten gang fight, with Ohio State hoping for a playoff



FLIPPING an overhead pass here against Michigan State, Williams is Iowa's clutch scorer.

In Iowa the annual high school girls' basketball tournament has twice the excitement of the boys' tournament. The young ladies are not only popular—the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune's* peach-colored sports section treats their playoffs like the World Series—but good, and it must be tough for a fellow to grow up in a state where his sister is considered a better pivot man than he is. In one recent year, Iowa Coach Ralph Miller complains, when the city of Chicago had 57 high school players (male) over 6' 6" the entire state of Iowa had only one.

So the Hawkeye State, a fertile place for alfalfa and hogs, seems to lack the raw material necessary for a successful college-basketball program. Yet, as listeners to KOKX in Keokuk, WMT in Cedar Rapids, KXIC-FM in Iowa City and a peck of other stations can testify, the University of Iowa has a mighty good chance to hold off Ohio State and win its first Big Ten championship in 12 years. At the end of last week Ohio State had a 9-4 record and still had to visit tough Illinois. Iowa was 9-3, with two games left against, perhaps, the two weakest teams in the league, Minnesota and Michigan.

The Hawkeyes were all alone at the top last week, and the reason, aside from that upsetting pressure defense Miller has been teaching for years, was the good play of two sophomores from Pennsylvania (where girls' basketball isn't such hot stuff) and a slippery senior from Detroit named Sam Williams. In Iowa's 61-56 victory over Illinois Saturday night it was Williams, playing despite an upset stomach, who made the difference. He certainly looked sick in the first half, missing all six of his field-goal attempts. But in the second half he hit five straight shots before tiring, took a short breather on the bench and came back in to shoot Iowa from a 54-53 lead to a 59-53 lead. He finished with 18 points. It was the same story at the Los Angeles Classic during the Christmas holidays: the Hawkeyes were tangled in three overtimes in three games, and each time Sam kept them in contention.

Williams is yet another product of Burlington Junior College in Iowa, where such other Detroit players as Bobby Joe Hill (Texas Western) and Mel Daniels (New Mexico) have made stopovers. But before Williams went to Burlington, as Miller puts it, "he spent a year in

the deepfreeze," working in a meat-packing plant, until he decided there must be something better and warmer outside.

There was indeed. After starring at Burlington for two years, Williams moved a few miles northwest to Iowa City and last season placed third in Big Ten scoring with a 25.2 average. He just loves to drive across the key from either corner and wiggle-worm his way to the hoop, or pop into the air from one of the forward spots and toss in a jumper. When he decides to concentrate on his defense he does a good job, and he's not a bad rebounder, either. At Detroit's Northern High, he was the second-best high jumper in Michigan. Sam may be the best 6' 3" forward in college basketball. He has been chosen for the Olympic trials, an honor that has turned some heads—but not his. Most of the players sell their game tickets for \$5 or more apiece. Sam gives his away to friends.

Even with Williams, Iowa probably would not be leading the league without its Pennsylvania pair, Glenn Vidnovic, who is 6' 5" and no husker than a cornstalk, and 6' 1" Guard Chad Calabria. "Stick" Vidnovic was scholastically ineligible the first semester. He managed to improve his grades if not his weight and has been valuable in a starting role the last couple of weeks. Calabria has been even more valuable. His two free throws with 26 seconds left sewed up the Illinois game Saturday, after the Illini had closed the gap to three with 45 seconds to go. Earlier in the week, against Michigan State, he scored 25 points, including 13 of his team's first 16. Chad (it is *not* short for Chadwick or Chadbourne or anything else, he insists) had started only a few times when Iowa lost by 13 points to Purdue. Then Miller put him and Vidnovic into the starting lineup against Indiana February 24, and the combination has gone well ever since. Chad has joined Williams as one of the darlings of the vast Iowa radio network that even reaches those little old ladies from Dubuque.

Ralph Miller is an old hand at mining Pennsylvania talent. He estimates that in the last 16 years, at Wichita State and Iowa, he has had 14 or 15 players from McKeesport, Pa. alone. One of his assistants, Lanny Van Eman, comes from there and recruits heavily in the whole Pittsburgh area. Miller is also

continued



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BASKETBALL continued

one of the nation's most explosive bench jockeys. Early in the second half Saturday night Sam Williams scored on one of his typical twisting layups, and Miller leaped up off the bench to yell because no foul was called. The referee quickly hit him with a technical. Ralph was calmer, if not completely happy, after the game. "We have a bunch of guys working to win a championship and, though we didn't play particularly well, we came out on top," he said. "The big point, though, is that we won and still have a slight cushion."

The cushion was slight because, back in Columbus, determined Ohio State was routing Indiana 107-93 as its muscular front line of Bill Hosket, Dave Sorenson and Steve Howell combined for 73 points. Hoosier Coach Lou Watson was much impressed. "Ohio State has the strongest ball club in our league," he said. "We played probably our two best games of the year against Ohio and lost both. I honestly think they'd represent our league best in the NCAA"—which will be small consolation for Ohio State if Iowa keeps on winning. Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor was not optimistic about his team's tournament possibilities. "Sure, we've got a good chance to beat Illinois," he said, "but somebody still has to beat Iowa to let us get a tie."

The way the Big Ten has been going, that could easily happen. Although Purdue and defending co-champ Indiana were the preseason favorites, a typical, well-balanced Big Ten gang fight followed. Purdue was tied with Iowa at the start of last week but, while the Hawkeyes stayed at home to play, the Boilermakers had to go on the road. The first stop was Michigan's new arena, and they were beaten 104-94 ("Nice of 'em," said Ralph Miller when he heard what the Wolverines had done). Then, Saturday night, Wisconsin took Purdue apart in Madison 104-84, holding high-scoring sophomore Rick Mount to two field goals and 10 points.

"There's strength in the Big Ten from top to bottom," said Miller. "You're never at a point where you can feel you have a sausage coming. We can't afford to lose any of our games, because it would be nice not to have a playoff. It would be much better for our winner to have a couple of days rest before the NCAA." He's told that, too, to Sam, Stick and Chad.

END

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Boat ride? Yes, but don't go near the water

Since the first nevel architect hollowed out the first log canoe, boats have been designed to move across water, but going on the water doesn't necessarily mean going in it. The point now is to go above the water

Ever since man first clamped his knees around a handy log and fled across a river, his boats have been held back by the very stuff that made them possible: water. For water is an ornery element and, while it can provide good solid support for anything floating on its surface, it also provides stubborn resistance to any object trying to push through it.

The obvious way to overcome this drawback is, of course, to get your floating log as far out of the water as possible. In recent years, thanks to lighter and stronger boatbuilding materials, more sophisticated methods of construction and increasingly powerful yet lightweight engines, boats that once nestled deep have been taught to climb up and slide along close to the surface. Planing sailboats, three-point hydroplanes, deep-V ocean racers and many other hulls have found ways to slide free of the sticky molecules and skim along the top. Two distinct types have even managed to lift their hulls completely out of the water and move along in the air just above it. Derisively described as UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects) by surly traditionalists, these vessels fall into two general classes: the hydrofoils and the hovercraft.

At rest a hydrofoil tends to look and act pretty much like any other powerboat. But once under way its hull lifts clean of the water and flies along on what seem at first to be stilts. Actually, the "stilts" are intricately shaped struts that cut through the water to support the weight of the moving boat much as wings support the weight of a plane moving through the air. Because the thin, streamlined foils are the only part of the boat in contact with the water, friction and drag are reduced to a near minimum.

The idea is not new. Telephone man Alexander Graham Bell was one of the first to experiment with the hydrofoil principle. "If he had had our power plants," says one contemporary hydrofoil maker, "we wouldn't be in business

today." But progress was slow until after World War II, and even now, despite fairly widespread industrial and military use, hydrofoils have not had much impact on private boating.

Neither have the other UFOs, the hovercraft. Instead of walking on stilts, these nonboats float along on a cushion of air and can perform, if they choose, equally well (or badly) over a beach, a marsh or a city street. More scientifically known as SECs (Surface Effect Craft), they are essentially huge inverted dishes held aloft by a Niagara of cascading air forced downward by ultrapowerful fans through holes in their hulls. As long as the fans keep blowing, a hovercraft will stay aloft a few feet above the surface, but to move forward it needs the push of an airplane propeller or jet.

Like hydrofoils, hovercraft have found wide acceptance industrially, particularly on the other side of the Atlantic. One 165-ton monster just launched in England looks as big as Shea Stadium and can travel at a 60-knot clip. This summer she and a sister ship will begin ferrying up to 800 passengers to and fro across the English Channel on a regular schedule. Other smaller hovercraft buzz about San Francisco Bay and South Vietnam transporting passengers amid whooshing clouds of spray.

For the ordinary sporting hoasman, however, both varieties of UFOs have up to now presented too many problems to be practical. Even a veteran powerboat man will plug his ears in horror at the crushing roar generated by a hovercraft's fans and will suffer nightmares at the prospect of guiding one through the maze of a crowded anchorage.

The hydrofoil, on the other hand, can move as quietly as any other powerboat and maneuver just as handily at slow speeds, but because of the paraphernalia hanging down beneath, it must stick to relatively deep waters or run the risk of spearing a sandbar.

There are other hazards as well. One man who hydrofoiled across the Catalina Channel recently claimed he spent

most of the trip degaffing some 25 sharks accidentally impaled on his foils. Hydrofoil design is further complicated by the necessity of providing controls sensitive enough to keep the boat "flying" at an even keel.

Despite the obvious drawbacks, however, the prospect of airborne boating for the amateur is just too attractive to abandon. Right now at least two sets of designers are promising to iron out the kinks in each kind of UFO for the weekend boatman. One set consists of famed Ocean Racer-Designer Jim Wynne and his partner, John Gill. Prompted by the enterprising and unpredictable president of the Maritime Boat Co., Merrick Lewis (no mean boatman himself), Wynne and Gill have designed an experimental 20-foot hydrofoil that is more insect than boat. Calling it *Maritime Flight I*, they claim that this prototype is the first small vehicle specifically designed as a hydrofoil and not as a boat with foils stuck on as an afterthought.

* continued

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BOATING

In highly simplified language, *Maritime's* foils are tipped with tiny wings. Each wing is equipped with a hinged tab—like a wing flap—on its trailing edge. These control the boat's attitude. Aim them down and she lifts, aim them up and she plunges. Like an airplane pilot, the man at *Maritime's* controls can actually "fly" his boat through the water. He can under some circumstances fly it straight down to Davy Jones's locker, but to reduce the likelihood of this, there are two Fu Manchu whiskers protruding from *Maritime's* bow that "feel" the oncoming seas before they reach the foils. The whiskers send a message to the wing tabs to compensate for the pitch or roll to come even if the pilot fails to do so. The pilot can override this robot system with his control column whenever he chooses to bank, turn, climb or dive. He steers with rudder pedals linked to a third stilts-like member that houses the rudder. A long stinger of a propeller shaft is coupled to the engine by special flexible joints. This shaft can, if need be, wag up and down without tearing the engine's innards to shreds. "Bending power around corners," Wynne calls it.

Unlike most hydrofoils whose appendages hang stiff-legged and unyielding beneath the hull, *Maritime's* submerged gear can fold up and nest within the hull, thus cutting draft from something like 4' 6" to about 2'—a boon when approaching beaches, shallow water or for haul-outs.

So far, *Maritime Flight I* is only a prototype, but Wynne and Gill are happy with her behavior in "flights" up and down Florida's Biscayne Bay at speeds approaching 40 mph. Does Jim, a two-time champion driver of ocean-racing powerboats, find driving *Maritime* easy by comparison? "Talk to John," replies Wynne, still baffled by the creature he has spawned. "He flies her much better than I can."

So esoteric is fact is the wooden prototype that neither Wynne nor Gill can guess at its potential. "It's like funny putty," explains Gill. "When General Electric came up with the puttylike silicon, they didn't have the faintest notion of what it would be good for. But look at the stuff now; it's used in everything from the space business to boat-building."

While Wynne and Gill were busily building a better hydrofoil, another set of designers, the Anti-Friction Hull

Corp. of Severna Park, Md., was hard at work adapting the hovercraft principle to the amateur boatman. The result: a vessel they call the Hydrokeel or, less scientifically, the bubble boat.

Hydrokeels, according to Anti-Friction Vice-President Frank Storke, are not really hovercraft, or even close relatives. They do not fly. Instead they climb up on a big bubble of air trapped beneath their hulls, and slide along on it as happy as a kid on a rubber beach ball. Like the hydrofoil, the Hydrokeel is perfectly at home in the water when it behaves like a normal boat. "You can cruise right along with the rest," says Storke, "until you feel your sporting blood rising. Then you cut in the blower, feel the lift and the surge and leave all the others in your wake."

To achieve these heady goals in their 20-foot prototype *Annapolitan*, Anti-Friction has built a hull that even they admit looks like nothing so much as a flat-bottomed scow, a vessel hardly guaranteed to inspire speed. But by extending the sides of this barge below the bottom to form solid curtains and by fitting the barn-door bow with special flaps, the designers have managed to trap a cushiony air bubble neatly beneath their boat. When air is forced under the bow by an engine-driven blower, *Annapolitan's* hull lifts up as if jacked. Once astride this almost frictionless cushion, the Hydrokeel rushes off in a fog of spray propelled by inboard, outboard or stern-drive engines at speeds close to 50 mph.

Such speeds, says Storke, are nothing compared to the rate levathan bubble boats will travel one day. According to him, full-sized aircraft carriers will not only provide air support but will themselves be supported by air. Landing craft, freighters, ferryboats, anything that floats he envisions sailing on a bubble. Today his company's sights are set on nothing larger than a 46-foot sport-fisherman. "But," says Storke confidently, "there's no question about it, our bubble boats are the ships of the future."

He may or may not be right. Hydrofoil man Jim Wynne, for one, is still convinced a place exists for conventional boats like those he made famous in his racing days—boats able to take the kind of rough weather that would probably rip the foils off a hydrofoil or roll the bubble right out from under a Hydrokeel.

END

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*"I don't believe that a college education does
a man much good in business."*

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE



The Timid Generation

The popular view is that youth is in revolt, but a look at Duke University suggests that a professor there, Jack Preiss (right), is closer to the truth: quiet anxiety is the prevailing mood

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

CONTINUED



Duke University probably would like nothing so much as to be utterly Ivy League. But, of course, it is in North Carolina and, for better or worse, North Carolina is not Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut or even New Jersey. No, Duke is not Ivy League, not even Ivy League with a drawl. For miles beyond the 7,000 acres of pleasant pine stands named Duke Forest there are other pine woods, unnamed, and they are riddled with innumerable squiggles of sylvan roads leading to settlements of fundamentalist fiddlers and secret sunlit glades full of steaming distilleries of white lightning. The Bible Belt holds up the moral pants of the region, some radio stations feature programs of smite-the-devil evangelism and it is not unusual to dial in on such witnessings as that of a woman yelping gleefully that she prayed and—"Instantly, brother! Instantly!"—a growth the size of a hen's egg vanished from her shoulder. In North Carolina, Demon Rum is allowed in public only if you semismuggle your own bottle (usually concealed in a pa-

per bag) into a restaurant that is licensed to serve setups to "brown-baggers." Legal though drinking is, the furtive logistics required tend to discourage any true enjoyment of it outside your own hall closet, which, they say, is exactly what the state's Baptist-oriented legislature figures the Lord has in mind.

Duke gets along all right in North Carolina, for a sizable percentage of the people in the state are neither fundamentalist nor particularly folksy. And those who care most about Duke have an affinity for airs and values that are as Ivy as they are Tarheel. For example, when they come down for The Game at Duke each November against the University of North Carolina the dead-grass parking lots around the old stadium in Durham are aswarm with flocks of cashmere jackets and tweedy plaid skirts—sort of mini in concept, but quietly appealing instead of thigh revealing—and almost everyone is munching something like deviled ham sandwiches from the tailgates of station wagons, or maybe mixing martinis, illegally, of course, on the roofs of low-slung, high-priced sports cars. It could be Cambridge.

But it is Durham, N.C., a thriving, workaday community with a hard-selling chamber of commerce. Durham has its share of up-to-date urban problems, such as traffic jams, public housing and a resistance to total racial integration that reflects not so much red-neck bigotry as it does a far broader U.S. malaise—the smug white citizen's passive but immovable resentment at having his suburban inertia threatened, taxed or tilted ever so slightly because of a black man's needs. Durham is built of, from, by and because of tobacco. Each day the factories founded by the Liggetts, the Myers and the Dukes produce a colorful river of 14.5 million cellophane-wrapped Chesterfields, Pall Malls, Lucky Strikes and the like. Each package is stamped with the warning that smoking may be hazardous, even though the town would sink in ruin if everyone believed it.

Durham's calendars are filled with Kiwanis Club luncheons and Methodist Sunday School affairs, and the layers of

its social strata are quite rigidly defined. It is a place that seldom tempts the emotions, the morals or the imaginations of the people who live there. Of course, that is true of a lot of college towns—and noncollege towns, too—and Duke University does not necessarily suffer from Durham's lack of distinction any more than Yale does from New Haven's.

Yet at Duke there is an air of docility, a feeling of acquiescence to the sturdy, placid mood of Durham. Oddly enough, the atmosphere is somehow unsettling because of its very calm. These are supposed to be the Sacrelegious '60s, the years of youth in rebellion, the decade when all the values and all the valuables accumulated by the Over 30s are supposed to be under siege by blazing young dissidents. This is, by headline acclaim at least, the era when a man can hardly respect a dollar—let alone worship it—without being accused by some bearded child of committing a crime of moral turpitude. These supposedly are the years when people can smell the very fabric of the American Way smoldering in the ashes of every draft card destroyed. At any rate, there are precious few pulpits or editorial pages or polished-prose magazines that have not recently propagated an alarmed message about youth in revolt. But if this era of revolt is not all slick-paper myth, then it is something that has passed Duke University by, flowed around it, like an army skirting a city to which it can return and lay siege any time it pleases.

Because the emotional detachment pertains to all aspects of campus life, sport, too, has dimmed at Duke.

It may be no horrendous loss, but the heady Saturdays of constantly winning football teams at Duke are almost surely things of the past. When Wallace Wade, now 75, retired to his cattle farm 18 years ago, he took with him a bit more than his memories. With Wade as coach there were sellouts almost every week in the 45,000-seat Duke stadium, which is now named after Wade. People came for hundreds of miles through the North Carolina piney woods to see a clash between teams that might well

BILL CLAYTON

"We go ape over basketball . . . but if the team were losing I suppose that nobody would care about it."



ROBERT RANKIN

"From now on Duke may consider itself as having a relatively successful football season when it ends up with a 5-5 record."



be among the best that year. No more. As a matter of economic policy, Duke seldom plays more than four games a year at home. In 1967 there were just three in a 10-game schedule. The reason is that the team usually does not draw more than 27,000 or so people for home games. On the road, Duke does much better at the box office, thanks to the fact that nearly all of its alumni live away from North Carolina.

Under Wade, Duke football teams compiled a dazzling 110-36-7 record, and in 1941 he presided over what is likely to be the proudest achievement ever for Duke football. His team got the Rose Bowl bid that season but, as everyone too old to burn draft cards will remember, 1941 was not a good year—particularly after Dec. 7. Everyone was suddenly worried that the Japanese might bomb, strafe or invade the West Coast, and the military flatly canceled all large public gatherings, even the Rose Bowl. But Wallace Wade had come to like those Rose Bowl games; he had coached in four others. Since the East Coast was not considered to be under

siege, he called California and suggested that the game be played at Duke. Thus, for the first and only time, the Rose Bowl was played outside of California and bucolic little Durham became Pasadena East for a day.

Duke rented bleachers from every school within trucking range and enlarged the stadium to 57,000 seats. Local residents threw open their homes to spectators, and even the drinking press was taken care of with a supersecret bar upstairs in an old Durham mansion. Wade handled most of the logistical details himself and, as he admits now, he overdid the impresario bit and underdid his coaching, for his team was upset by Oregon State 20-16.

To be sure, there have been good football teams since Wade left. Duke twice has been to the Orange Bowl and once to the Cotton Bowl. Yet in the past five years something exceedingly average has happened; the team record has dropped to 24-24-2. Not only, they say, will Duke never again play host to a bowl game, it may never again play in one.

Part of the blame for this has been placed on the ultra-Ivy League background of Dr. Douglas M. Knight, who was hired as Duke's president in 1963. His arrival immediately made Duke football loyalists suspicious that a de-emphasis would be forthcoming. Then when Bill Murray, Wade's successor, quit in 1965 there was a wave of disappointment, for the new coach was not Bear Bryant or Darrell Royal or even Ace Parker, who had been Duke's backfield coach since 1947. The new man was bright, congenial Tom Harp, who once played quarterback at Muskingum College in New Concord, Ohio, a school known to people outside New Concord largely because during John Glenn's space orbits the president of Muskingum would go on television to tell eager viewers how John's folks were feeling. And where was Tom Harp coaching when Duke hired him? In the Ivy League—at Cornell. Worse, his record in five years there was 19-23-3, and he was best known beyond Ithaca as the coach who had his players make a py-

ramid by climbing on each other's shoulders one Saturday in an attempt—unsuccessful, at that—to thwart a field goal by Princeton's never-miss kicker, Charlie Gogolak.

Since his arrival at Duke, Harp has convinced almost everyone that he does not intend to sit idly while the school's football Blue Devils are converted to a nice, bland Ivy green. But, like topnotch colleges all over the country, Duke is beset by a certain ambivalence about how—or if—it can meld its admirable commitment to academic excellence with its longtime involvement in big-

DOUGLAS KNIGHT

"It is not that our students feel they are so gentle that it is beneath them to crusade, it is just that they abhor violence."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART SMITH

budget, big-recruiting, big-time college football.

As Glenn E. (Ted) Mann, Duke's sports-publicity chief for 30 years, puts it: "This is not de-emphasis at all. Duke is undertaking what I call a noble experiment. We are trying to keep our academic standards way up. At the same time we are trying to maintain a first-class football schedule, and that means playing a lot of schools that do not have

crossroads

such rigid entrance requirements. It's hardly equal competition, you know. But it just might work."

Maybe. Certainly Duke is committed to playing some tough teams for a long time to come. "Our schedule is complete through 1978," says Athletic Director Eddie Cameron. "We've got the Big Ten and schools like Pittsburgh and Georgia Tech and the service academies all the way through. You sure can't call that de-emphasis."

Playing tough teams and beating tough teams are two quite different things, and Dr. Robert Rankin, chairman of the Duke Athletic Council, says quite candidly, "Sure, when the administration raised the entrance requirements here a couple of years ago Eddie Cameron and I said we could live with them. Which we can. But I think from now on Duke may consider itself as having a relatively successful football season when it ends up with a 5-5 record. And I don't think we'll be getting many bowl invitations on that basis."

If you can get Duke undergraduates to talk about football at all—at the Celestial Omnibus or the "Yewjee" (University Grill) or in their fraternity parlors—they admit that they might work up a little resentment over the prospect of constant mediocrity on the football field. But should they begin to fret, the annoyance always quickly subsides under a salve of thoughts about basketball, for this winter Duke is once again a substantial factor in the national basketball scene.

Since Vic Bubas, the young, poised and polished coach who used to be assistant coach at nearby North Carolina State, arrived at Duke eight years ago he has amassed an impressive 196-52 record, and this year's team, which periodically edges its way into the top 10, is not going to hurt that won-lost average at all. At the start of this season it seemed that Bubas—one of the country's hardest-working, sweetest-talking recruiters—might have to wait until next year when some of his formidable freshmen could move up to the varsity. But suddenly last December, Mike Lewis, a senior center who is currently Duke's most-admired ath-

lete, developed into an uncommonly good basketball player. The rest of the team meshed well around Lewis, and Duke's cramped and antiquated 9,000-seat gymnasium began to have an occasional full house (though by no means was it crammed to the rafters for game after game; there were five capacity crowds in the 10 games). "We go ape over basketball," says Bill Clifton, a senior from Waco, Texas. "And Vic Bu-

AMIE DOGGETT
"Things have gotten so big—on a national scale—that kids feel they can't really influence anything themselves."



bas is as close to an idol as there is on campus. But I suppose if the team were losing no one would care about basketball, or about Bubas either." It is a harsh thought, this suggestion that nobody would ever bother to hang Vic Bubas in effigy, but probably true.

Though turmoil—sports-oriented or otherwise—is rare these days at Duke, this is not because the students are lacking in imagination or energy or devilment or individuality. When they gather in their hangouts they argue as loudly as anyone else about Lyndon Johnson and the morality of Vietnam and the

years and nays of marijuana. They dress with an almost determined dowdiness, the men wearing what look like Army surplus outfits, the coeds coming in neat, but far from Fifth Avenue, fashions.

True enough, the campus newspaper, the *Chronicle*, is run by a provocative faction of precocious junior journalists who gave all of page one of their Homecoming Day edition to stories and pictures of last fall's protest at the Pentagon, relegating everything about the fraternity-house decorations, queens and alumni affairs to the back page. But this was done partly sardonically, if partly in genuinely liberal concern over the Washington march. Yet most Duke students are a long way from fitting the popular conception (or maybe misconception is the word) of the militant New Generation. "I would say that, at most, 10% of the student body is involved—at all—with what is going on beyond their own lives," says Alan Ray, associate editor of the *Chronicle*. And Tami Hultman, a pretty blonde minister's daughter from Cambridge, Md., says, "Most of the people here want to avoid conflict, and it isn't very hard for them to do it."

Around Duke there is an aura of well-mannered, upper-middle-class detachment, since that is Duke's particular mode these days. There are not enough pot smokers or antiwar pickets or beards or even Humphrey Bogart cultists to make the atmosphere seem a great deal different from the oft-deplored years of the '50s when the so-called Silent Generation was sitting around, mum and disenchanted. Duke is still very big for the Greek system and, even though fraternities and sororities are becoming much-maligned anachronisms at many other schools around the U.S., approximately 50% of Duke's students are members of some Alpha or Omega club, with a full portion of secret trappings and ritualistic vows, things that campus cynics refer to as "mystic goodies."

"We don't necessarily take the ritual stuff very seriously," says Bill Goodwin, a senior Phi Delta Theta, "but we think the system works fine and lets kids be closer to their—uh—brothers than

continued

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they'd be if they just lived in a bunch of dorms without some tie."

More often than not, when members of the Duke student body do get aroused, it will be over a totally parochial issue, such as having the opposite sex in their rooms (men now can) or having liquor in their rooms (everyone can, the girls were allowed to this year) or getting *Playboy* magazine on the campus newsstands (it is, as of a year or so ago). And last fall there was a campus-wide referendum that created some agony and antagonism. It had to do with a dictum issued by the student government, which is controlled by an activist-liberal segment that came to power largely because many of the more conservative students did not bother to vote in campus elections. The referendum was on a ruling that no university-affiliated student organization should be allowed to hold social affairs at segregated off-campus facilities. There are still numerous whites-only spots in Durham that are very good for fraternity parties, including the Hope Valley Country Club, which numbers quite a few of Duke's faculty and administrators among its members, not excluding Basketball Coach Bubas, Football Coach Harp, Athletic Director Cameron and President Knight. In the referendum the students voted the measure down, arguing that they were not really segregationists, but that they just did not like their "individual rights" being trampled by "those goddam radicals" in the student government. A short time after the referendum Duke's minute population of Negroes—about 70 of the school's 4,622 undergraduates—staged a study-in outside President Knight's office and, eventually, the administration overruled the vote and outlawed organization off-campus parties at segregated places. By then the student body had cooled off, and accepted the new policy meekly.

"I think a lot of kids here feel impotent," says Abbie Doggett, a senior from Lakeland, Fla. "The reason is that things have gotten so big—on a national scale—that kids feel they can't really influence anything themselves. Most of them really aren't segregationists

but, on the other hand, they are not involved in trying to push for lots of progress in civil rights either."

Many students at Duke seem to be plodding patiently along, doggedly heading for some impenetrable postcollege cubbyhole—back to Daddy's baling-ware factory or into the womb of corporation law, or to a selling job where a man is paid a guaranteed salary rather than paid by commissions. They seem to have put a low ceiling on their ideals,

EDDIE CAMERON

"We've got the Big Ten and the service academies scheduled through 1978, you see we can't call that football de-emphasis."



to have leaped into weary adulthood at a discouragingly early age. They seem unalterably sensible and strangely self-protective.

Let it be perfectly clear that this is by no means a phenomenon at Duke alone. Dr. Jack Preiss, a cool Duke sociologist who has taught at Brown and Michigan State and who likes to brighten his office with huge posters of W. C. Fields and Allen Ginsberg, says, "If anyone has to give labels to generations—and no one does, of course—I guess I'd call this the Timid Generation. The kids

seem to constrict themselves, shut things out and go about their business with a quiet anxiety. You have to push them, cajole, almost coerce them into saying what they think. They live day to day, without too many plans—in a creative sense, I mean—and they seem to have no direction, nothing that they find worth fighting for. Life seems unmanagable, and people simply become more and more adept at avoiding being hurt or embarrassed. They have a whole set of masks for appropriate occasions, and their major concern is that they're wearing the right mask at the right time. Nothing turns anyone on. Hell, a football game is like a cricket match, like a day at Newport, gentle and sedate. Kids learn to survive by not being different."

Whatever the case may be elsewhere, Duke students themselves agree that there is just enough complacency, just enough of a veneer of sophistication, just enough pressure from studies to keep their university in a relatively constant state of rest. President Knight, 46, a rumpled, scholarly Yale man who used to serve sherry in class when he taught English there 14 years ago, says, "There is not a great deal of preoccupation with protest here, and that, I think, reflects the background of the students. You do not have many demonstrations with real mob violence at Princeton or Yale either. It is not that our students feel they are so genteel that it is beneath them to crusade, it is just that their attitude toward violence is to abhor it; it is an alien form. I think the tone, if I may use such a word, at Duke is really quite fine; it is a lively, diversified place. For example, our football players are not considered just gladiators, they are also excellent students and fine young men. Our students are not inclined to take what you might call an extremely doctrinaire approach toward anything. We are quite a diverse place, and I think the one-sided question is not really an acceptable part of the dialogues within our student body."

A term that is frequently used around Duke—along with "diversity"—is "national university," which is accurate enough, since no more than 25% of the

continued

students and alumni are from North Carolina. There are plenty of people who call Duke the Harvard of the South. Although the university administration and the alumni love the title, they usually disclaim it with fairly credible modesty, saying, "Oh, no, heh-heh, there is only one Harvard."

Duke is almost as selective as the Ivys and nearly as expensive, too—roughly \$3,300 a year for everything, compared

sciences or liberal arts is possibly as useful as one from Brown, Cornell or Columbia, if not from Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

Duke's reputation for academic excellence is relatively new. There was a time in the late '20s and early '30s when it was best known as a school full of heavy-drinking, fun-loving Ernie Fraternal types. There was a time, so the story goes, that the school offered a gigantic salary to a celebrated scholar, and the professor replied, "Accept with pleasure. But where is Duke University?" There was a time when Duke was best known either for the occult experiments in extrasensory perception of Dr. Joseph Rhine or for the magnificent "Iron Dukes" of Wallace Wade. There was a time in the late '40s and '50s when it was known for the golfing feats of Mike Souchak or the sprinting brilliance of Dave Sims or the quarterbacking skills of Sonny Jurgensen. And there was a time when it was known as the best minor-league baseball training ground outside the American Association because Jack Coombs was the coach and, though no one could prove it, a lot of people guessed that the major leagues ultimately put more money into athletic scholarships than Duke's most-celebrated athlete, Dick Groat, earned in his first couple of seasons in the majors.

There was also a time when Duke was best known as a nice little Methodist school named Trinity College. But that was before 1924, the year that Tarheel Tobacco Monopolist-Millionaire James Buchanan (Buck) Duke offered up a \$40 million endowment to create—"Instantly!"—a university named after his family and patterned after Princeton. His reason for selecting Princeton was a definite one. "The buildings there appeal to me." Buck Duke was one of those rugged geniuses spawned by capitalism who spent all of his life accumulating a massive fortune, but seldom found either the time or the desire for anything much more recreational than looking up from the old balance sheet and lighting another cigar. He usually shunned publicity, but when he did pop for a reporter he would answer secret-

of-my-success questions by saying things such as, "I worked from early morning until late at night, and I was always sorry to leave off at night." And just before his money changed Trinity College into Duke University, he said for publication, "I don't believe that a college education does a man much good in business."

A John Harvard he was not, but a stout, brimstone-beed Methodist Buck Duke did remain—at least on the surface. Oh, there was a nasty divorce scandal in 1906 involving his wife and a 66-year-old socialite who was president of a mineral-water bottling company, and the fact that Duke himself peddled tobacco for profit did not endear him to many old-line Methodists in the church. Yet, it had long been Duke policy to be sure that there was a Methodist church near every cigarette factory the company built, and for years the Duke philanthropies—including those of Buck's daddy, Washington, and his older brother, Benjamin—had been used to fund such charities as backwoods Methodist churches, orphanages and aid to retired preachers and their families. And, of course, little Trinity College.

The origins of the school can be traced back to the 1830s, when some Quakers and Methodists in central North Carolina built a log cabin and hired a schoolmaster for \$200 a year and all the firewood he could burn. In 1892 the whole college simply packed up and moved 65 miles to the snuff-cigar-cigarette-and-chewin'-tobacco center of Durham. It seemed an odd choice at the time for a straitlaced little church school, because Durham was known to be full of sin and tobacco dust, but old Washington Duke had donated \$85,000 to underwrite the transfer, and that was good cause enough to move.

A lot of people at Duke nowadays tend to refer to their school as being "young," largely because they consider it to have been born full-blown from Buck Duke's moneybags. If you ask about famous alumni, the usual samples offered are Richard Nixon, who went to the law school only, and Author William Styron, who was ordered to Duke

ALAN RAY

"At most, 10% of the student body is involved at all with what is going on beyond their own lives."



to around \$3,750 at Harvard or Yale. It is almost as cosmopolitan, its enrollment coming from every state in the nation, although there are more from the U.S. Southeast than any other quadrant of the country. When it comes to getting the kind of superlative student every private school cherishes—choir singer, class president, mathematics genius, A student, high school quarterback and Euripides-reader all wrapped up in one.

Duke often finds itself competing head-on with the Ivy League. Nor does it always lose, because a Duke degree in engineering or law or medicine or the

as a World War II V-12 student. But little old Trinity had its great men and great moments, too. Samuel F. Mordecai, the renowned legal scholar, was the first dean of its law school, James Killian, head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was a student at Trinity in the early '20s, and four Trinity alumni have served as U.S. Senators.

It was also Trinity College that won one of the first intercollegiate football games ever played south of the Mason-Dixon line, a Thanksgiving Day event in 1888 in which the Methodists defeated the University of North Carolina 16-0. In 1891 Trinity not only went undefeated and untied—something that Duke has never managed—but the team also racked up the highest single-game score in Trinity-Duke history, annihilating Furman University 96-0, a total that included one touchdown by the town depot agent, who played center. Four years later football was banned at the school because of “professionalism” (a charge that apparently had some merit). Trinity also played the first basketball game held in North Carolina—against Wake Forest—in 1906. Even the name Blue Devils predates Duke. In 1922 some of the leveler students on campus decided that any team known by such meek nicknames as The Methodists or The Blue and White was starting off with one foot in defeat. At the time, the school was full of doughboy veterans who much admired a particularly efficient French fighting outfit called *Les Chasseurs Alpins* and nicknamed the Blue Devils. The college paper started calling the team Blue Devils, and today even North Carolina Methodists have gotten used to it.

But it is Dec. 11, 1924, the day Buck Duke's money officially created The Duke Endowment, that people tend to consider as the real birthday of the school, proving once again that fortunes talk louder than heritage in the annals of American success. There are separate boards of trustees for the university and for the \$614 million endowment itself, which includes other recipients (orphans, Methodist ministers, hospitals, Davidson College and Furman and

Johnson C. Smith universities). Although Duke is generally considered to be filthy rich, it ranks no higher than 29th among colleges in total endowment (Harvard is first, University of Texas second). Nevertheless, around campus it is the trustees of the endowment, rather than the university, who are referred to as The Big Board, because ultimately they dictate the university's big-money policies.

There has been scurrilous talk over the years—notably in Europe, where the American millionaire is viewed as a cross between Machiavelli and King Tut—that Buck Duke built his university because his son had flunked out of Yale and Daddy wanted him in a school he could call his own. That is not true, because Buck Duke had just one offspring, a daughter named Doris, who was called The Richest Girl in the World before most tabloid readers ever heard of Barbara Hutton. Some people also insist that Duke tried to donate all his money to Princeton University on the major condition that the trustees change the name to Duke-Princeton or, if they absolutely insisted, merely to Princeton-Duke, but that, too, is generally pook-pooked as apocryphal.

Duke's admiration for Princeton is obvious in the look of the university he ordered up. Although he died in 1925 before work had really begun, his wishes were clear, and by 1930 an ant colony of carpenters, stonemasons, stained-glass-window designers and quadrangle landscapers had transformed a section on the outskirts of Durham (roughly a mile west of the original Trinity campus) into Duke's dream.

It is a perfectly lovely place, though if you know its rush-order origins you can't help but feel that the beauty of it all is a bit self-conscious. The basic design is rigid Gothic gingerbread set on drafting-board quadrangles of green, all loomed over by a chapel centerpiece that has 77 stained-glass windows, a 50-bell carillon and a suitably soaring tower patterned after Canterbury Cathedral in England. New buildings are not in the same instant-ancient mold, and the architectural style ranges from brick-

industrial to a kind of modern Gothic, that is not at all unbecoming. The campus seems to be in a state of almost perpetual construction, and President Knight has launched a \$102.8 million fund-raising campaign that will serve to finance a progressive look on campus—both architecturally and academically—for a long time to come. The original Trinity location, called East Campus, is mostly Georgian architecture, and the

BILL GOODWIN

"We think the fraternities exert marks here and here kids be closer to their schools—borders than of their bond in dorms."



dorms there are for girls, who are called East Beasts.

While his university was still just a philanthropic idea, Duke said, "It will start as a completed thing. Other universities have had to grow piecemeal; we are ready to start a fully planned, completely coordinated plant." Within a short time after the name change, a hymn to *Dear Old Duke* was composed to create instant lumps in throats: *And tho' on life's broad sea; Our fates may for us bear. We'll ever turn to thee! Our Alma Mater dear. A nice sober Latin slogan was adopted. Erudito et Religio*

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Timid Generation *continued*

(cynics enlarged it to read, *Erudito et Religio et Cheroto et Cigaretto*). There was a bit of *obscuro*, too, in a pair of statues that are still second only to the chapel as campus focal points. One portrays Buck Duke, nearly as bald as a basketball, wearing a baggy suit, leaning on a cane and, yes, holding a cigar in one upraised hand. The other statue is of Buck's daddy, "Old Man Wash," seated in a chair, with legs crossed and looking for all the world like a wrinkled, aged pelican who has just swallowed all the kingfish in his river.

Over the years things have gone well for Buck Duke's university. And even though it may not be exactly seething with youthful dissent over materialism, war or even air pollution, the caliber of its formal education can scarcely be knocked. Yet as its standards of scholarship have gone up and up and up, some of the zing has gone, too, of the good old years when a college education was seen as something more—or maybe

less, depending on one's viewpoint—than a commodity for economic survival. Something of the spirit is missing, maybe even a phrase as corny as "that old school spirit" is apt.

Indeed, it is very much to the point and, in a way, rather poignant to ask undergraduates at Duke just who they have for heroes now—who are the people they particularly admire, people they would consider worthy of profound respect or even emulation by their generation. The answer is no one. There are no heroes at all. Not Bobby Kennedy or Bob Dylan or the Beatles or Albert Camus or J. D. Salinger or Carl Yastrzemski or Stokely Carmichael or General Westmoreland or Timothy Leary or President Knight or Charlie Brown or Moshe Dayan. Not even Vic Bubas. And the fact is that even if Duke were not in North Carolina, and even if it were in the Ivy League, that void might still exist. For the Timid Generation does not reside at Duke alone. **RND**



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

The postseason tournaments were filling up. Seven more conference winners—defending champion UCLA (24-1) in the Pacific Eight, Kentucky (21-4) in the Southeastern, Davidson (22-4) in the Southern, New Mexico (23-3) in the Western AC, La Salle (20-7) in the Mid-Atlantic, TCU (14-10) in the Southwest and Weber State (20-5) in the Big Sky—made it into the NCAAs. That left six to come, and the Atlantic Coast, Ivy League, Big Ten, Big Eight, Ohio Valley and West Coast AC champions will be decided this week.

New York's NIT, impressed by the quality—and number—of the independents and conference also-rans available, decided to expand from 14 to 16 teams. It had 13 set after adding independents LIU (21-1), St. Peter's (21-2), Dayton (17-9) and Villanova (17-8), plus the Mid-American's Marshall (17-7), the Mid-Atlantic's Temple (19-8), the Missouri Valley's Bradley (19-8) and the Western AC's Wyoming (18-8). The remaining three berths probably will go to runners-up in the Atlantic Coast, Big Eight and Southern conferences, with the Ivy second-place team a possibility if league officials give their consent.

THE EAST

1. SE. BONAVENTURE (21-0)
2. COLUMBIA (20-4) 3. ARMY (20-4)

Even before his team got to Princeton for the Ivy League showdown Columbia's Jack Rohan was apprehensive. Dave Newmark, his 7' center, was out with a badly sprained ankle, and the Lions, who had won 16 in a row, had no one to hold off the Tigers' huge front line—6' 9" Chris Thornforde and John Hummer and John Haarlow, both 6' 7". It looked as if the game would be a rout as Hummer, a fine sophomore, got 15 of Princeton's first 18 points (the scored 27 in all) and the Tigers, with their tall men controlling the boards, led 28-17 at half time. But sophomores Jim McMillan and Heyward Dotson turned Columbia in the second half and the Lions battled back to a 44-44 tie. Then Jeff Porne, another sophomore, threw in three clutch baskets for Princeton, and the Tigers pulled away to win 68-57, forcing a playoff for the Ivy title Tuesday in St. John's.

La Salle won the Mid-Atlantic playoff, rolling over American U. 84-57 and then Temple 87-69. The Explorers, defending fiercely out of a 2-1-2 zone and fast breaking, blew the Owls off the court as Larry Cannon got 28 points. Villanova, which may

be Philadelphia's best team, beat Toledo 71-69 and Providence 58-42.

For more than a week unbeaten LIU, the nation's No. 1 small-college team, and St. Peter's had suffered while the NIT procrastinated. When the two teams met Wednesday night in Jersey City they bumbled through a sloppy first half. Then NIT Chairman Johnny Bach told them they were both in. With the pressure off, St. Peter's won 70-59. "It's the only time I've smiled when we lost," said LIU Coach Roy Rubin.

Other tournament teams continued to win. Army battered Rochester 75-55 while Fordham held off NYU 79-73. St. John's smothered Holy Cross 83-67 and NYU 77-57, and Boston College beat Duquesne 106-88 and Holy Cross 90-87. Rutgers, an NIT hit last year, bombed Penn State 97-83 for its seventh straight while Syracuse stopped Niagara's Calvin Murphy—he scored only 15 points—with a stall and won 50-49.

THE MIDWEST

1. LOUISVILLE (19-6)
2. MARQUETTE (21-5) 3. KANSAS STATE (17-7)

"We've got the inside track now," rapped flu-ridden but happy Kansas State Coach Tex Winter. That was after his Wildcats had beaten Missouri 70-63 to go ahead in the bitter Big Eight race. Then, when Colorado sniped Iowa State 91-76, Winter began to worry about the Bulls. "If their outside shooters (Pat Frink and Chuck Williams) have a hot hand, they'll blast us," he said fearfully. Frink and Williams did shoot successfully over K-State's zone, but 7' 1" Nick Pino, Steve Honeycutt and Earl Seyfert led the Wildcats to a 67-56 victory. That put K-State a game ahead of Kansas—which lost to Nebraska 76-69 and beat Oklahoma State 70-58—and Iowa State—a 93-92 winner over Nebraska in overtime—with two to go.

The Big Ten had its own cliffhanger (page 60), with Iowa leading the pack going into the last week. With the Missouri Valley title clinched, Louisville Coach John Dromo decided to experiment. He gave Mike Grosso, the celebrated 6' 9" transfer from South Carolina who was both ineligible and recovering from a knee operation earlier in the season, some playing time at center and moved Westley Unseld to the corner against Memphis State as Louisville won 76-52. Bradley, meanwhile, won the fight for second in the MVC, edging St. Louis 100-99 in double overtime, while Cincinnati beat Memphis State 72-63 to finish third. In another second-place battle Marshall won out in the Mid-

American, clobbering Kent State 90-75 as Ohio U. upset Toledo 74-72.

It was a bad week for some NCAA teams. Bowling Green, the MAC champion, lost to Virginia Tech 77-71 while Marquette was licked twice, by Xavier 88-83 in overtime and Western Michigan 73-66. Loyola of Chicago dropped a shooting match to Wichita State 95-92. But Dayton, assuring itself an NIT bid, beat St. Joseph's of Indiana 99-66 and Miami of Ohio 63-51 for its 10th straight.

THE SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (22-3) 2. KENTUCKY (21-4) 3. DAVIDSON (22-4)

On their way to the Atlantic Coast tournament the North Carolina Tar Heels were taken, twice. First, South Carolina broke their 20-game winning streak 87-86, when Bob Cremins dropped in five free throws in the last 45 seconds. "I don't know how we did it," said Coach Frank McGuire, "but it was beautiful." Then Duke did it, 87-86 in triple overtime on Steve Vanderberg's shot. Though North Carolina was still the team to beat in Charlotte this weekend, Duke's Vic Bubas was hopeful. "I always figure it's a street fight for three days," he said.

West Virginia's Bucky Waters had his own thoughts on postseason conference tournaments. "We play three months to eliminate one team," he said, "and then eliminate seven in three days. Even the Bolsheviks weren't that brutal." In Bucky's Southern Conference playoffs Davidson was the winner. The Wildcats trampled William and Mary 107-68, Furman 79-63 and West Virginia 87-70 to get into the NCAA tournament.

Putting away Coach Adolph Rupp's 23rd SEC championship in 35 years was easy for Kentucky. The bold young Wildcats simply overpowered Auburn 89-57 and then beat Vanderbilt 85-80. LSU's Pete Maravich had his troubles with Tennessee. He got only 17 points—his lowest total ever—before he fouled out as the Vols won 74-71.

THE SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (27-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (21-5) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (20-6)

For weeks Houston had been beating the daylight out of everybody. Lennie Hardens-Simmons in Abilene figured to be another breeze for the unbeaten Cougars but, with 15:20 to play, Houston led the brash Cowboys only 62-59 and Coach Guy Lewis was wringing his red-and-white polka-dot towel frantically. Then Elvin Hayes and his friends got going. Elvin scored 40 points and the Cougars won 105-82. Things were sticky for a while, too, when Houston played Virginia Tech. Someone, alas, forgot the record player that the Cougars use to inspire themselves with their favorite soul music.

Houston let Tech make a game of it for about 10 minutes. But once Hayes began stuffing in baskets it was all over for the visitors. The Big E finished with 51 points to become the fifth player to score more than 1,000 in a season and the Cougars took their 28th straight 120-79. "We just can't go without that soul," reflected Guard George Reynolds.

Later Hardin-Simmons, after losing to New Mexico State 73-60, came back to upset the Aggies 91-89 in double overtime.

The hurly-burly Southwest Conference came down to the very last night with TCU, Baylor and Texas all tied for first. TCU was leading Baylor 59-51 with 5:37 to go in Waco when the news was announced: Arkansas had beaten Texas 74-73. Baylor reacted with five straight points, but the ambitious Frogs, led by James Cash's 25 points, held on to win 72-65 for their first league title in nine years. How did first-year Coach Johnny Swann feel about it? "Everything's just lovely," he said.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (24-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (23-3) 3. SANTA CLARA (19-3)

All season long UCLA Coach John Wooden kept insisting that winning in the Pacific Fight was the big thing, nonconference games were really not all that important. How else would the Bruins get to defend their national championship? So last week UCLA, with Lew Alcindor scoring a total of 83 points, routed Washington State 101-70, Stanford 100-62 and California 115-71 to win its sixth championship in seven years. The Bruins also had 31 straight in the Pacific Eight. Now Wooden figures it is time to think about the NCAAs.

For whatever it was worth, USC clinched second place behind UCLA. The Trojans, after beating Washington 76-68 and losing only their second league game to California—90-90 in overtime—took Stanford 72-60.

It was all over in the Western AC, too. New Mexico had the title, but the Lobos had to sweat it out against Wyoming in Laramie. Down nine points at the half, New Mexico went to its old reliable zone press and it worked again. Ron Nelson shot in 29 points and Wyoming fell 75-62. But the Lobos' luck ran out against independent Denver. Harry Hollins' two free throws with two seconds to go beat them 70-68. Utah, in trouble on the road all year, was ambushed in Arizona and had to settle for a second-place tie with Wyoming. First, Arizona upset the Utes 87-79, then Arizona State beat them 83-82.

Weber State, beaten by Montana State 70-63, came back to whip the Bobcats 85-50 to win the Big Sky title. Santa Clara, which beat St. Mary's 72-56 and Pacific 72-68, led Loyola by a game in the West Coast AC after San Jose State upset the Lions 86-80. They meet next Saturday. **END**

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Guide Division

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KIWIS AND UNUSUALIES

Sirs:

Pat Ryan's article, *New Zealand's Equine Golf Mine* (Feb. 26), is the best—by 10 lengths—that has been done on the interesting subject of the New Zealanders' production of fine horses and their unique position in the world of racing. As one who has been to beautiful Kivland and visited with many horsemen and seen their breeding farms and race tracks, I can attest not only to the accuracy of Pat's fine reporting but also to the excellence of the background material she furnished on those pleasant southwestern Pacific isles. New Zealand is one of the few countries in the world where an American is sure of genuine friendliness and warm hospitality. The article certainly made my wife and me want to hurry back to see more of the place and spend more time with our friends there.

AL WISSON

Hollywood Turf Club

Inglewood, Calif

Sirs:

Pat Ryan's article about harness racing in New Zealand was tremendously educational. Harness racing was once my favorite sport. But later the runners won me over. My conversion to runners was mainly due to their more forceful performances. Ten runners can get around the first turn in less space than three wide-wheeled sulkeys.

When some inventive mind comes up with a one-wheel sulky, then I might be converted to the pacers and trotters. This invention should not be difficult; in fact, it seems quite feasible. All that is needed is the correct harness to hold the shafts steady, thus giving the wheel proper balance. By this means the trotters and pacers would require no more space on the track than do the runners. This new invention could be called the Unusual, or the Unusually. How long do we have to wait until someone brings forth such an innovation? Even the kids of today are learning to ride unicycles.

EARL B. COYLE

Washington

JUDGMENT DAY

Sirs:

You have produced the only clear and clean description of the great ski-racing affairs at the Grenoble Olympics I have discovered after reading Austrian, Swiss and French newspaper accounts. Your report (*Jean-Claude Wenz the Battle and the War*, Feb. 26) leaves no doubt that Killy, the greatest skier of all time, won his three gold medals on merit and performance only. Could you produce for your readers the names of the five jurymen, especially

that of the Briton, who split on disqualifying Schranz?

HAROLD KING

Chief Representative in France
The (Toronto) Telegram

Pars

● The jurors were: Robert Esnault and Georges Crétin of France; Karl Molitor of Switzerland; Kjell Borpe Andersen of Norway; and Colonel Robert Readhead of Great Britain.—ED.

NO LOVE LOST

Sirs:

For many years of my short life I have read and defended your magazine with equal enthusiasm. I have always found the majority of your articles well written, informative and extremely interesting. However, Mark Mulvey's recent article on the Minnesota expansion hockey team ("If You Love Me, Tell Me So," Feb. 26), although admittedly interesting, was downright offensive. In describing the typical Minnesota, Toronto or Montreal hockey fan, Mr. Mulvey goes to no end in praising him, calling him "interested, educated . . . one who knows an offside from icing . . . applauding a good defensive play, persistent and efficient forechecking and accurate passing."

This may be so, but his scathing remarks about American crowds, particularly in Chicago and New York, set Mr. Mulvey up as either a shut-in who writes from inside the North Star publicity office or an anti-Ranger "fan." I am a devoted Ranger fan, typical of the Madison Square Garden crowd and, contrary to Mr. Mulvey's writings, I do know "that a puck hitting the post is not a goal."

I must believe that if Mr. Mulvey is writing for your magazine he must know his hockey and he must have traveled out of Minnesota. Therefore, I must assume that this was not one of his better articles.

MARK GREEN

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

You have done the great hockey fans of Chicago a grave injustice. Black Hawk fans do not live merely to see a fight. Rather, they live to see good hockey, which the Black Hawks most generously supply. Chicago fans don't stop at hockey, either. They are truly the most enthusiastic fans of any city for any sporting contest.

JOE ORCHOWSKI

Macomb, Ill.

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the long-awaited article concerning the Minnesota North

Stars. However, I greatly disliked the image given of the citizen from Thief River Falls. Having been a resident of this small community for six years, I fail to see the humor in this description. Other than that, I thoroughly enjoyed your article. Now, why not move like it?

DANNY DOKKIN

Beards, Minn.

ONE MORE FOR VALHALLA

Sirs:

I was appalled by Pete Astheim's total and unfounded disregard for the only other man in the NHL, beside Gordie Howe, Maurice Richard and Bobby Hull, to reach the magic 400-goal plateau—Jean Beliveau (*One Skate in Valhalla*, Feb. 12). He has scored more goals than your Golden Hawk Hull, and his other records are just as outstanding.

EARLE MCMICHAEL

Shubenacadie, N.S.

WILLIE THROWER

Sirs:

I keep quite busy picking up the artifact that gets written periodically by pro football experts all over the country. The latest example is your *They Said It* item (*Scorecards*, Feb. 12) quoting Oakland's Al Davis on Eldridge Dickey, "the Tennessee A&I player who hopes to become the first Negro quarterback in either pro league." The first Negro quarterback in modern pro football was Willie Thrower of Michigan State, who played with the 1953 Chicago Bears. He threw eight passes, completed three for 27 yards, had one intercepted. He didn't last long but he played, and he was official. So let's stop ignoring Willie.

ROGER TREAT

Editor, *The Official Encyclopedia of Football*

Newtown, Conn.

PAVING THE WAY

Sirs:

Kim Chapin's article, *Curly Lives!* (Feb. 26), rates an A+! The color and excitement, the typical Turner humor and the "down home" flavor were conveyed to perfection. Anything else I might say regarding the article would be superfluous.

There is one other comment I might make in reference to a statement made by Burk Moore about Ned Jarrett. The implication was that Jarrett paved the track at Hickory, N.C. because he could not handle a car on dirt. Mr. Jarrett's decision to pave the track was part of an attempt to improve the track and to update the facilities.

SCOTT MAKEPEACE

Laurens, Mich.



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18TH HOLE continued

BETTER WORLD

Sirs:

William Johnson's article on Bob Presley (*Collision on the New Underground Railroad*, Feb. 12) brought to light many interesting thoughts, both by the author and by those he quoted. But I question the presumption that Presley does not have the "intelligence" or the "basic qualifications" to meet the "academic requirements." This judgment cannot be made without prior experience and training in the area of what constitutes academic competency or potential academic competency, or without consideration of the young man in question, Presley is not a prototype of anything more than himself. He does not represent any group. He simply represents himself.

I do not believe there is any subversion of academic ethics in attempts to recognize basic intelligence capabilities and making allowances for environmental handicaps that may have prevented young men from fully realizing their true academic potential. The University of California does not view this concept for admission as a subversion of ethics. Other universities that practice it should be congratulated for their pathfinding efforts in this area—which is not restricted solely or even mainly to athletes—rather than criticized from a purist's point of view. The people of the United States must support Will Robinson's feelings that "we [must] save as many boys as we can" and that "the only way out of this mess is through education."

If the author is going to criticize the colleges for "exploitation motivated by white men's opportunism" then he must criticize the whole U.S. The black athletes are trying to say just this through their boycotts of the NYAC meet and of the Olympic Games: that we accept them as athletes on the field, but not as people away from the athletic field; they can run in our meet but they cannot live equally in our house.

If William Johnson presumes that Presley does not have the intelligence to be a college student, he is wrong. Sure, Presley was sought after because of his athletic ability, but he was allowed to enroll because of his academic potential. We should extend our efforts to get all such young men out of the ghetto and into college whether they are athletes or not. But just getting the black man to college is not enough. Once he is there the environment must be such that he can realize that a better world is possible—if, indeed, a better world is possible.

BOB STEINER
University of California

Berkeley, Calif.

SOCKLESS SOCK

Sirs:

Jan Ryan's relatively slow 4:03.4 mile in East Lansing following his 3:57.3 in New

continued

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Pick one for jail.
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10TH HOLE continued

York (*Jim Ryan's Big Experiment*, Feb. 19) may be due, as you reported, to an emotional Garden crowd. We feel, however, that Ryan's comedown was caused by the white socks he wore on the second night. As proponents of NSFAA (No Socks for American Athletes) we feel that Ryan's socks were a detriment to his second sub-four-minute-mile try. Ryan has accomplished more without socks than with. Among Ryan's bare-ankled feats are his 3:51.1 world record, his old 3:51.3 record, his world 1,900-meter mark, his unrecognized 1:44.9 in the 880, the Kansas team's record relay at the Drake Relays, which Ryan anchored, his early defeat of Peter Snell and, most recently, his 3:57.5 indoors at Madison Square Garden. Ryan has proved that the best races have been without socks. We hope that Jim's "long, smooth and effortless" strides will always be sockless.

NED PELEMANN
J. M. GARLAND
PHILIP D. BROUKE

LE CROSSE, WIS.

NEW MEXICAN WARFARE

Sirs:

In his article, *The B-Blatt Rocks New Mexico* (Feb. 12), Gary Rosenberg captures the true spirit of the rivalry between Las Cruces and Albuquerque and between New Mexico State and the University of New Mexico. It is a job well done, and for your magazine's continued interest in our school and area many thanks!

However, for your information, the Trinity Site is not located south of Albuquerque; it is south of Las Cruces. And my wife says, by actual count, there are 27 more words on the University of New Mexico than on New Mexico State. I didn't bother to argue, but simply pointed out that we got two pictures to one for UNM.

Art J. PERKMAN

Sports Editor, *Las Cruces Sun-News*
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I would like to point out that your article omitted the outstanding efforts of Eastern New Mexico University, which now has 18 wins and two losses and is highly ranked in the small-college ratings. So, basketball has claimed not only the major universities of New Mexico, but also the small ones.

Oris Ericks Jr.
State Senator

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I don't see how you could write about New Mexico basketball and omit ENMU. TERRY P. FLEMING
Sergeant, USAF

Cannon AFB, N. Mex.

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YESTERDAY

Below the Belt with Bummy

Despite his name, Mr. Davis was not really a dirty fighter. But a Brownsville man's pride can be tried too far by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

New York's Madison Square Garden—the one at Eighth Avenue and 50th Street, that is—has seen its last athletic contest. There's a new Garden now and they're going to show movies or rent apartments or do some such quiet thing where the fight fans used to yell. But it will be a long time before the echoes of some of the wild nights at the old Garden die down. Close your eyes tight now, and maybe you can hear the screams of the crowd the night Bummy Davis met Fritz Zivie there some 27 years ago.

Like those of Ivan the Terrible, Charles the Mad and Eric the Red, the *nom de guerre* by which one Abraham Davidoff (alias Al Davis) entered history is both lurid and misleading. Bummy earned it as a kid along Livonia Avenue in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. Yet his reputation as a "dirty fighter" rose out of a single 154-second rampage in the Garden in 1940. Before that, Bummy's deportment in the ring was as exemplary as that of any other man who earns his living trying to convert the gray matter encased in the skull of an opponent into funny gelatin. Bummy's real sin was artlessness.

His opponent on that memorable night was a boxer who pursued his craft with genuine deviousness. To poke a soggy thumb into a clear blue eye, to grasp an unwary head and pull it down into the path of a short uppercut, to lay open an eyebrow with a well-placed butt—these were the grace notes with which Fritz Zivie embellished his performance.

The best of Pittsburgh's five fighting Zivie brothers, Fritz had boxed for 10 years all over the country with indifferent success. In the course of his travels he had inflicted considerable damage with his various extremities on local heroes. In turn, his nose had fronted such violent storms that Red Smith likened its shape to "a mame cave-in."

Fame and a modest fortune reached Fritz simultaneously in October 1940,

when he met and defeated Welterweight Champion Henry Armstrong in New York. Exhausted after 15 brutal rounds and blinded by his own blood, Armstrong could not withstand Zivie's closing surge and lost the title. Six weeks later, on November 15, Zivie was matched against Bummy Davis in a non-title bout.

The first round was a true measure of the ability of the two fighters. Davis, his record nourished by soft touches in the small clubs and sustained by a truly lethal left hook, was face to face with a thoroughly experienced champion. He rushed Zivie crudely, trying to put over his one effective punch. Zivie simply moved away and stabbed Bummy with long left jabs. Occasionally, as Bummy bore in, Fritz hit him with straight rights to the head. At the end of one round the blood was bubbling out through Bummy's thick lips.

The treatment dished out in those first-round clinches proved to be more than a proud son of Brownsville could endure. At the bell for round 2, Davis walked across the ring and fired a left hook that landed, according to one reporter, "about a foot above Zivie's knees." Zivie's face screwed up in pain, then settled into righteous indignation as he glanced at Referee Billy Cavanagh. Cavanagh was looking elsewhere.

Davis returned to the attack. Another low blow brought a chorus of boos from the crowd. Zivie backed away, but Davis pursued him, ripping two more left hooks into his groin. Fritz, his face contorted with pain, hopped stiffly, first on one leg, then on the other. He fired back at Davis, rocking his head and drawing blood again from his mouth. But Bummy, in his passion, was impervious to punishment. He crowded Zivie, hooked him low, shifted his attack to the ribs and then lowered it once more. Only once did Referee Cavanagh warn him to keep his punches up.

Most of the crowd was standing on chairs now, roaring protest or encourage-

continued

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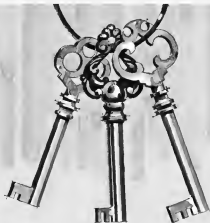
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Below the Belt continued

ment. A wadded newspaper landed in the ring, then somebody's hat. The referee kept his fascinated gaze on the fighters, like a young lab assistant observing a couple of ferocious insects. General John J. Phelan, the elderly chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, left his seat and toddled through the aisles outside the ring, looking for all the world like an agitated Mr. Pickwick as he frantically wigwagged at the referee. Davis dug another left into Zivic's groin. Finally, at 2:34 of the second round, jolted from his rapture by the sight of General Phelan, Cavanagh stopped the fight.

Or, at least, he tried to. But Bummy was not yet ready. His answer to the referee's restraining gesture was to bounce a left hook off Zivic's skull. Faced with a more orthodox attack now, Zivic quickly solved it by hooking Davis twice in the face, bloodying his nose. Handlers from both corners, as well as a squad of burly special cops, poured through the ropes and tried to drag the berserk Davis to his corner. Bummy, his arms pinioned now, aimed a kick at Zivic, who had plunged into the struggling mob. Missing the intended target area on Fritzic's trunks, the kick instead caught Referee Cavanagh in the thigh. Bummy finally was hauled, spitting and cursing, from the ring.

The fight was awarded to Zivic on a foul. Even while the excited crowd streamed out of the Garden, journalists and politicians prepared to publish their outrage to the world. General Phelan, calling the fight "the most disgraceful thing I ever saw," banned Davis from boxing in New York state "for life."

Unfortunately for his own well-being, Davis was offered too many opportunities to redeem himself. Having joined the Army shortly afterward, he was granted a pass by his commanding general and a pardon by General Phelan on condition that he fight Zivic again for an Army charity. In a bout notable for its strict adherence to the commission's regulations, Zivic dealt Davis a savage beating and stopped him in the 10th round. But this orthodox defeat did nothing to break Bummy's rebellious spirit. Some four years later he was shot to death as he charged, bare-handed, into an armed gang trying to hold up the store of a friend in Brownsville. He was still trying to get that left hook across when he went down.

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